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Vice Adm L. Fletcher

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THE  
S E A S O N S.







THE  
S E A S O N S,

BY  
JAMES THOMSON.

A NEW EDITION.

ADORNED WITH A SET OF ENGRAVINGS,  
FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A N E S S A Y

ON THE

PLAN AND CHARACTER OF THE POEM,

*ohn*  
BY J. AIKIN, M.D.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. MURRAY, NO. 32, FLEET STREET.

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AN ESSAY  
ON  
THE PLAN AND CHARACTER  
OF  
THOMSON'S SEASONS.

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WHEN a work of art to masterly execution adds novelty of design, it demands not only a cursory admiration, but such a mature enquiry into the principles upon which it has been formed, as may determine how far it deserves to be received as a model for future attempts in the same walk. Originals are always rare pro-



ductions. The performances of artists in general, even of those who stand high in their respective classes, are only imitations; which have more or less merit, in proportion to the degree of skill and judgment with which they copy originals more or less excellent. A good original, therefore, forms an æra in the art itself; and the history of every art divides itself into periods comprehending the intervals between the appearance of different approved originals. Sometimes, indeed, various models of a very different cast may exercise the talents of imitators during a single period; and this will more frequently be the case, as arts become more generally known and studied; difference of taste being always the result of liberal and varied pursuit.

How strongly these periods are marked in the history of Poetry, both antient and modern, a cursory view will suffice to shew. The scarcity of originals here is universally acknowledged

and lamented, and the present race of poets are thought particularly chargeable with this defect. It ought, however, to be allowed in their favour, that if genius has declined, taste has improved; and that if they imitate more, they choose better models to copy after,

That THOMSON'S SEASONS is the original whence our modern descriptive poets have derived that more elegant and correct style of painting natural objects which distinguishes them from their immediate predecessors, will, I think, appear evident to one who examines their several casts and manners. That none of them, however, have yet equalled their master; and that his performance is an exquisite piece, replete with beauties of the most engaging and delightful kind; will be sensibly felt by all of congenial taste:—and perhaps no poem was ever composed which addressed itself to the feelings of a greater number of readers. It is, therefore,

on every account an object well worthy the attention of criticism; and an enquiry into the peculiar nature of its plan and the manner of its execution may be an agreeable introduction to a re-perusal of it in the elegant edition now offered to the public.

The description of such natural objects as by their beauty, grandeur, or novelty, agreeably impress the imagination, has at all times been a principal and favourite occupation of Poetry. Various have been the methods in which such descriptions have been introduced. They have been made subservient to the purposes of ornament and illustration, in the more elevated and abstracted kinds of Poetry, by being used as objects of similitude. They have constituted a pleasing and necessary part of epic narration, when employed in forming a scenery suitable to the events. The simple tale of pastoral life could scarcely without their aid be rendered in

any degree interesting. The precepts of an art, and the systems of philosophers, depend upon the adventitious ornaments afforded by them for almost every thing which can render them fit subjects for poetry.

Thus intermixed as they are with almost all, and essential to some species of poetry, it was, however, thought that they could not legitimately constitute the whole, or even the principal part, of a capital piece. Something of a more solid nature was required as the groundwork of a poetical fabric; *pure description* was opposed to *sense*; and, binding together the wild flowers which grew obvious to common sight and touch, was deemed a trifling and unprofitable amusement.

Such was the state of critical opinion, when THOMSON published, in succession, but not in

their present order \*, the pieces which compose his SEASONS; the first capital work in which natural description was professedly the principal object. To paint the face of nature as changing through the changing seasons; to mark the approaches, and trace the progress of these vicissitudes, in a series of landscapes all formed upon images of grandeur or beauty; and to give animation and variety to the whole by interspersing manners and incidents suitable to the scenery; appears to be the general design of this Poem. Essentially different from a didactic piece, its *business* is to describe, and the occupation of its *leisure* to teach. And as in the Georgics, whenever the poet has, for a while, borne away by the warmth of fancy, wandered through the flowery wilds of description, he suddenly checks himself, and returns to the toils of the husbandman; so THOMSON, in the midst of his delightful

\* They appeared in the following order: Winter, Summer, Spring, Autumn.



lessons of morality, and affecting relations, recurs to a view of that state of the season which introduced the digression,

It is an attention to this leading idea, that in this piece there is a progressive series of descriptions, all tending to a certain point, and all parts of a general plan, which alone can enable us to range through the vast variety and quick succession of objects presented in it, with any clear conception of the writer's method, or true judgment concerning what may be regarded as forwarding his main purpose, or as merely ornamental deviation. The particular elucidation of this point will constitute the principal part of the present Essay.

Although each of the SEASONS appears to have been intended as a complete piece, and contains within itself the natural order of beginning, middle, and termination, yet, as they

were at length collected and modelled by their author, they have all a mutual relation to each other, and concur in forming a more comprehensive whole. The annual space in which the earth performs its revolution round the sun is so strongly marked by nature for a perfect period, that all mankind have agreed in forming their computations of time upon it. In all the temperate climates of the globe, the four seasons are so many progressive stages in this circuit, which, like the acts in a well-constructed drama, gradually disclose, ripen, and bring to an end the various business transacted on the great theatre of Nature. The striking analogy which this period with its several divisions bears to the course of human existence, has been remarked and pursued by writers of all ages and countries. Spring has been represented as the youth of the year—the season of pleasing hope, lively energy, and rapid increase. Summer has been resembled to perfect manhood—the season of

steady warmth, confirmed strength, and unremitting vigour. Autumn, which, while it bestows the rich products of full maturity, is yet ever hastening to decline, has been aptly compared to that period, when the man, mellowed by age, yields the most valuable fruits of experience and wisdom, but daily exhibits increasing symptoms of decay. The cold, cheerless, and sluggish Winter has almost without a metaphor been termed the decrepid and hoary old age of the year. Thus the history of the year, pursued through its changing seasons, is that of an individual, whose existence is marked by a progressive course from its origin to its termination. It is thus represented by our Poet; this idea preserves an unity and connection through his whole work; and the accurate observer will remark a beautiful chain of circumstances in his description, by which the birth, vigour, decline, and extinction of the vital principle of the year are pictured in the most lively manner.

This order and gradation of the whole runs, as has been already hinted, through each division of the poem. Every season has its incipient, confirmed, and receding state, of which its historian ought to give distinct views, arranged according to the succession in which they appear. Each, too, like the prismatic colours, is indistinguishably blended in its origin and termination with that which precedes, and which follows it; and it may be expected from the pencil of an artist to hit off these mingled shades so as to produce a pleasing and picturesque effect. Our Poet has not been inattentive to these circumstances in the conduct of his plan. His *SPRING* begins with a view of the season as yet unconfirmed, and partaking of the roughness of *Winter*\*; and it is not till after several steps in gradual progression, that it breaks forth in all

\* A descriptive piece, in which this very interval of time is represented, with all the accuracy of a naturalist, and vivid colouring of a poet, has lately appeared in a poem of Mr. Warton's, entitled "The First of April."

its ornaments, as the favourite of Love and Pleasure. His AUTUMN, after a rich prospect of its bounties and splendours, gently fades into "the fere, the yellow leaf," and with the lengthened night, the clouded sun, and the rising storm, sinks into the arms of Winter. It is remarkable, that in order to produce something of a similar effect in his SUMMER, a season which, on account of its uniformity of character, does not admit of any strongly-marked gradations, he has comprised the whole of his description within the limits of a single day, pursuing the course of the sun from its rising to its setting. A Summer's day is, in reality, a just model of the entire season. Its beginning is moist and temperate; its middle, sultry and parching; its close, soft and refreshing. By thus exhibiting all the vicissitudes of Summer under one point of view, they are rendered much more striking than could have been done in a series of feebly contrasted and scarcely distinguishable periods.



With this idea of the general plan of the whole work, and of its several parts, we proceed to take a view of the various subjects composing the descriptive series of which it principally consists.

Every grand and beautiful appearance in nature, that distinguishes one portion of the annual circuit from another, is a proper source of materials for the Poet of the Seasons. Of these, some are obvious to the common observer, and require only justness and elegance of taste for the selection: others discover themselves only to the mind opened and enlarged by science and philosophy. All the knowledge we acquire concerning natural objects by such a train of observation and reasoning as merits the appellation of science, is comprehended under the two divisions of Natural Philosophy and Natural History. Both of these may be employed to advantage in descriptive poetry: for although it be true, that

poetical composition, being rather calculated for amusement than instruction, and addressing itself to the many who feel, rather than to the few who reason, is improperly occupied about the abstruse and argumentative parts of a science; yet, to reject those grand and beautiful ideas which a philosophical view of nature offers to the mind, merely because they are above the comprehension of vulgar readers, is surely an unnecessary degradation of this noble art. Still more narrow and unreasonable is that critical precept, which, in conformity to the received notion that fiction is the soul of poetry, obliges the poet to adopt ancient errors in preference to modern truths; and this even where truth has the advantage in point of poetical effect. In fact, modern philosophy is as much superior to the ancient in sublimity as in solidity; and the most vivid imagination cannot paint to itself scenes of grandeur equal to those which cool science and demonstration offer to the enlightened mind.

Objects so vast and magnificent as planets rolling with even pace through their orbits, comets rushing along their devious track, light springing from its unexhausted source, mighty rivers formed in their subterranean beds, do not require, or even admit, a heightening from the fancy. The most faithful pencil here produces the noblest pictures; and THOMSON, by strictly adhering to the character of the Poet of Nature, has treated all these topics with a true sublimity, which a writer of less knowledge and accuracy could never have attained. The strict propriety with which subjects from Astronomy and the other parts of Natural Philosophy are introduced into a poem, describing the changes of the Seasons, need not be insisted on, since it is obvious that the primary cause of all these changes is to be sought in principles derived from these sciences. They are the ground-work of the whole; and establish that connected series of cause and effect, upon which all those appearances in na-

ture depend, from whence the descriptive poet draws his materials.

Natural History, in its most extensive signification, includes every observation relative to the distinctions, resemblances, and changes of all the bodies, both animate and inanimate, which nature offers to us. These observations, however, deserve to be considered as part of a science only when they refer to some general truth, and form a link of that vast chain which connects all created being in one grand system. It was my attempt, in an Essay lately published,\* to shew how necessary a more accurate and scientific survey of natural objects than has usually been taken, was to the avoiding the common defects, and attaining the highest beauties of descriptive poetry; and some of the most striking examples of excellence arising from this source were extracted from the poem now before

\* Essay on the Application of Natural History to Poetry.

us. It will be unnecessary here to recapitulate the substance of these remarks, or to mark out singly the several passages of our author which display his talents for description to the greatest advantage. Our present design rather requires such a general view of the materials he has collected, and the method in which he has arranged them, as may shew in what degree they forward and coincide with the plan of his work.

The correspondence between certain changes in the animal and vegetable tribes, and those revolutions of the heavenly bodies which produce the vicissitudes of the Seasons, is the foundation of an alliance between Astronomy and Natural History, that equally demands attention, as a matter of curious speculation and of practical utility. The astronomical calendar, filled up by the Naturalist, is a combination of science at the same time pregnant with important instruction to the husbandman, and fertile in



grand and pleasing objects to the poet and philosopher. THOMSON seems constantly to have kept in view a combination of this kind; and to have formed from it such an idea of the economy of Nature, as enabled him to preserve a regularity of method and uniformity of design through all the variety of his descriptions. We shall attempt to draw out a kind of historical narrative of his progress through the SEASONS, as far as this order is observable.

Spring is characterized as the season of the renovation of nature; in which animals and vegetables, excited by the kindly influence of returning warmth, shake off the torpid inaction of Winter, and prepare for the continuance and increase of their several species. The vegetable tribes, as more independent and self-provided, lead the way in this progress. The poet, accordingly, begins with representing the revivifcent plants emerging, as soon as genial showers

have softened the ground, in numbers “beyond the power of botanist to reckon up their tribes.” The opening blossoms and flowers soon call forth from their winter retreats those industrious insects which derive sustenance from their nectareous juices. As the beams of the sun become more potent, the larger vegetables, shrubs and trees, unfold their leaves; and, as soon as a friendly concealment is by their means provided for the various nations of the feathered race, they joyfully begin the course of laborious, but pleasing occupations, which are to engage them during the whole season. The delightful series of pictures, so truly expressive of that genial spirit that pervades the Spring, which THOMSON has formed on the variety of circumstances attending the Passion of the Groves, cannot escape the notice and admiration of the most negligent eye. Affected by the same soft influence, and equally indebted to the renewed vegetable tribes for food and shelter, the several kinds of quadrupeds are

represented as concurring in the celebration of this charming Season with conjugal and parental rites. Even Man himself, though from his social condition less under the dominion of physical necessities, is properly described as partaking of the general ardour. Such is the order and connexion of this whole book, that it might well pass for a commentary upon a most beautiful passage in the philosophical poet Lucretius; who certainly wanted nothing but a better system and more circumscribed subject, to have appeared as one of the greatest masters of description in either ancient or modern poetry. Reasoning on the unperishable nature, and perpetual circulation, of the particles of matter, he deduces all the delightful appearances of Spring from the seeds of fertility which descend in the vernal showers.

——— pereunt imbres, ubi eos pater *Æther*

In gremium matris *Terræ* precipitavit.

At nitidæ surgunt fruges, ramique virescunt

Arboribus; crescunt ipsæ, fætuque gravantur :  
 Hinc alitur porro nostrum genus atque ferarum :  
 Hinc lætas urbeis pueris florere videmus,  
 Frundiferasque novis avibus canere undique sylvas  
 Hinc fessæ pecudes pingues per pabula læta  
 Corpora deponunt, & candens lacteus humor  
 Uberibus manat distentis; hinc nova proles  
 Artubus infirmis teneras lasciva per herbas  
 Ludit, lacte mero menteis percussa novellas.

LIB. I. 251, &c.

The rains are lost, when Jove descends in showers  
 Soft on the bosom of the parent earth :  
 But springs the shining grain ; their verdant robe  
 The trees resume ; they grow, and pregnant bend  
 Beneath their fertile load : hence kindly food  
 The living tribes receive ; the cheerful town  
 Beholds its joyous bands of flowering youth ;  
 With new-born songs the leafy groves resound ;  
 The full-fed flocks amid the laughing meads  
 Their weary bodies lay, while wide-distent  
 The plenteous udder teems with milky juice ;  
 And o'er the grass, as their young hearts beat high,  
 Swell'd by the pure and generous streams they drain,  
 Frolic the wanton lambs with joints infirm.

The period of Summer is marked by fewer and less striking changes in the face of Nature. A soft and pleasing languor, interrupted only by the gradual progression of the vegetable and animal tribes towards their state of maturity, forms the leading character of this Season. The active fermentation of the juices, which the first access of genial warmth had excited, now subsides; and the increasing heats rather inspire faintness and inaction than lively exertions. The insect race alone seem animated with peculiar vigour under the more direct influence of the sun; and are therefore with equal truth and advantage introduced by the Poet to enliven the silent and drooping scenes presented by the other forms of animal nature. As this source, however, together with whatever else our summers afford, is insufficient to furnish novelty and business enough for this act of the drama of the year, the Poet judiciously opens a new field, profusely fertile in objects suited to the glowing colours of descrip-

tive poetry. By an easy and natural transition, he quits the chastised summer of our temperate clime for those regions where a perpetual Summer reigns, exalted by such superior degrees of solar heat as give an entirely new face to almost every part of nature. The terrific grandeur prevalent in some of these, the exquisite richness and beauty in others, and the novelty in all, afford such a happy variety for the poet's selection, that we need not wonder if some of his noblest pieces are the product of this delightful excursion. He returns, however, with apparent satisfaction, to take a last survey of the softer summer of our island; and, after closing the prospect of terrestrial beauties, artfully shifts the scene to celestial splendors, which, though perhaps not more striking in this season than in some of the others, are now alone agreeable objects of contemplation in a northern climate.

Autumn is too eventful a period in the his-



tory of the year within the temperate parts of the globe, to require foreign aid for rendering it more varied and interesting. The promise of the Spring is now fulfilled. The silent and gradual process of maturation is completed; and Human Industry beholds with triumph the rich products of its toil. The vegetable tribes disclose their infinitely various forms of *fruit*; which term, while, with respect to common use, it is confined to a few peculiar modes of fructification, in the more comprehensive language of the Naturalist includes every product of vegetation by which the rudiments of a future progeny are developed, and separated from the parent plant. These are in part collected and stored up by those animals for whose sustenance during the ensuing sleep of nature they are provided. The rest, furnished with various contrivances for dissemination, are scattered, by the friendly winds which now begin to blow, over the surface of that earth which they are to clothe and decorate.



The young of the animal race, which Spring and Summer had brought forth and cherished, having now acquired sufficient vigour, quit their concealments, and offer themselves to the pursuit of the carnivorous among their fellow-animals, and of the great destroyer man. Thus the scenery is enlivened with the various sports of the hunter; which, however repugnant they may appear to that system of general benevolence and sympathy which philosophy would inculcate, have ever afforded a most agreeable exertion to the human powers, and have much to plead in their favour as a necessary part of the great plan of Nature. Indeed, she marks her intention with sufficient precision, by refusing to grant any longer those friendly shades which had grown for the protection of the infant offspring. The grove loses its honours; but before they are entirely tarnished, an adventitious beauty, arising from that gradual decay which loosens the withering leaf, gilds the autumnal landscape with

a temporary splendour, superior to the verdure of Spring, or the luxuriance of Summer. The infinitely various and ever-changing hues of the leaves at this season, melting into every soft gradation of tint and shade, have long engaged the imitation of the painter, and are equally happy ornaments in the description of the poet.

These unvarying symptoms of approaching Winter now warn several of the winged tribes to prepare for their ærial voyage to those happy climates of perpetual summer, where no deficiency of food or shelter can ever distress them; and about the same time other fowls of hardier constitution, which are contented with escaping the iron winters of the arctic regions, arrive to supply the vacancy. Thus the striking scenes afforded by that wonderful part of the economy of Nature, the migration of birds, present themselves at this season to the poet. The thickening fogs, the heavy rains, the swollen rivers, while

they deform this sinking period of the year, add new subjects to the pleasing variety which reigns throughout its whole course, and which justifies the Poet's character of it, as the season when the Muse "best exerts her voice."

Winter, directly opposite as it is in other respects to Summer, yet resembles it in this, that it is a Season in which Nature is employed rather in secretly preparing for the mighty changes which it successively brings to light, than in the actual exhibition of them. It is therefore a period equally barren of events; and has still less of animation than Summer, inasmuch as lethargic insensibility is a state more distant from vital energy than the languor of indolent repose. From the fall of the leaf, and withering of the herb, an unvarying death-like torpor oppresses almost the whole vegetable creation, and a considerable part of the animal, during this entire portion of the year. The whole insect race,

which filled every part of the Summer landscape with life and motion, are now either buried in profound sleep, or actually no longer exist, except in the unformed rudiments of a future progeny. Many of the birds and quadrupeds are retired to concealments, from which not even the calls of hunger can force them; and the rest, intent only on the preservation of a joyless being, have ceased to exert those powers of pleasing, which, at other seasons, so much contribute to their mutual happiness, as well as to the amusement of their human sovereign. Their social connexions, however, are improved by their wants. In order the better to procure their scanty subsistence, and resist the inclemencies of the sky, they are taught by instinct to assemble in flocks; and this provision has the secondary effect of gratifying the spectator with something of novelty and action even in the dreariness of a wintry prospect.

But it is in the extraordinary changes and agitations which the elements and the surrounding atmosphere undergo during this season, that the poet of nature must principally look for relief from the gloomy uniformity reigning through other parts of the creation. Here scenes are presented to his view, which, were they less frequent, must strike with wonder and admiration the most incurious spectator. The effects of cold are more sudden, and in many instances more extraordinary and unexpected, than those of heat. He who has beheld the vegetable productions of even a northern Summer, will not be greatly amazed at the richer and more luxuriant, but still resembling, growths of the tropics. But one, who has always been accustomed to view water in a liquid and colourless state, cannot form the least conception of the same element as hardened into an extensive plain of solid crystal, or covering the ground with a robe of the purest white. The highest possible de-



gree of astonishment must therefore attend the first view of these phenomena; and as in our temperate climate but a small portion of the year affords these spectacles, we find that, even here, they have novelty enough to excite emotions of agreeable surprise. But it is not to novelty alone that they owe their charms. Their intrinsic beauty is, perhaps, individually superior to that of the gayest objects presented by the other seasons. Where is the elegance and brilliancy that can compare with that which decorates every tree or bush on the clear morning succeeding a night of hoar frost? or what is the lustre that would not appear dull and tarnished in competition with a field of snow just glazed over with frost? By the vivid description of such objects as these, contrasted with the savage sublimity of storms and tempests, our Poet has been able to produce a set of winter landscapes, as engaging to the fancy as the apparently happier scenes of genial warmth and verdure.



But he has not trusted entirely to these resources for combating the natural sterility of Winter. Repeating the pleasing artifice of his SUMMER, he has called in foreign aid, and has heightened the scenery with grandeur and horror not our own. The famished troops of wolves pouring from the Alps; the mountains of snow rolling down the precipices of the same regions; the dreary plains over which the Laplander urges his rein deer; the wonders of the icy sea, and volcanoes “flaming thro’ a waste of snow;” are objects judiciously selected from all that Nature presents most singular and striking in the various domains of boreal cold and wintry desolation.

Thus have we attempted to give a general view of those materials which constitute the ground-work of a poem on the Seasons; which are essential to its very nature; and on the proper arrangement of which its regularity and connexion depend. The extent of knowledge, as

well as the powers of description, which THOMSON has exhibited in this part of his work, is, on the whole, truly admirable; and though, with the present advanced taste for accurate observation in Natural History, some improvements might be suggested, yet he certainly remains unrivalled in the list of descriptive poets.

But the rural landscape is not solely made up of land, and water, and trees, and birds, and beasts; *man* is a distinguished figure in it; his multiplied occupations and concerns introduce themselves into every part of it; he intermixes even in the wildest and rudest scenes, and throws a life and interest upon every surrounding object. *Manners* and *character* therefore constitute a part even of a descriptive poem; and in a plan so extensive as the history of the year, they must enter under various forms, and upon numerous occasions.

The most obvious and appropriated use of

human figures in pictures of the Seasons, is the introduction of them to assist in marking out the succession of annual changes by their various labours and amusements. In common with other animals, man is directed in the diversified employment of earning a toilsome subsistence by an attention to the vicissitudes of the seasons; and all his diversions in the simple state of rustic society are also regulated by the same circumstance. Thus a series of moving figures enlivens the landscape, and contributes to stamp on each scene its peculiar character. The shepherd, the husbandman, the hunter, appear in their turns; and may be considered as natural concomitants of that portion of the yearly round which prompts their several occupations.

But it is not only the bodily pursuits of man which are affected by these changes; the sensations and affections of his mind are almost equally under their influence: and the result of the

whole, as forming the enamoured votary of Nature to a peculiar cast of character and manners, is not less conspicuous. Thus the Poet of the SEASONS is at liberty, without deviating from his plan, to descant on the varieties of moral constitution, and the powers which external causes are found to possess over the temper of the soul. He may draw pictures of the pastoral life in all its genuine simplicity; and, assuming the tone of a moral instructor, may contrast the peace and felicity of innocent retirement with the turbulent agitations of ambition and avarice.

The various incidents too, upon which the simple tale of rural events is founded, are very much modeled by the difference of seasons. The catastrophes of Winter differ from those of Summer; the sports of Spring from those of Autumn. Thus, little history pieces and adventures, whether pathetic or amusing, will

suggest themselves to the Poet; which, when properly adapted to the scenery and circumstances, may very happily coincide with the main design of the composition.

The bare enumeration of these several occasions of introducing draughts of human life and manners, will be sufficient to call to mind the admirable use which THOMSON throughout his whole poem has made of them. He, in fact, never appears more truly inspired with his subject, than when giving birth to those sentiments of tenderness and beneficence, which seem to have occupied his whole heart. An universal benevolence, extending to every part of the animal creation, manifests itself in almost every scene he draws; and the rural character, as delineated in his feelings, contains all the softness, purity, and simplicity that are feigned of the golden age. Yet, excellent as the moral and sentimental part of his work must appear to

every congenial mind, it is, perhaps, that in which he may the most easily be rivalled. A refined and feeling heart may derive from its own proper sources a store of corresponding sentiment, which will naturally clothe itself in the form of expression best suited to the occasion. Nor does the invention of those simple incidents which are most adapted to excite the sympathetic emotions, require any great stretch of fancy. The nearer they approach to common life, the more certainly will they produce their effect. Wonder and surprise are affections of so different a kind, and so distract the attention, that they never fail to diminish the force of the pathetic. On these accounts, writers much inferior in respect to the powers of description and imagery, have equalled our Poet in elegant and benevolent sentiment, and perhaps excelled him in interesting narration. Of these, it will be sufficient to mention the ingenious author of a French poem on the Seasons; who, though a



influenced by the manner of their introduction. In some instances this is so easy and natural, that the mind is scarcely sensible of the deviation; in others it is more abrupt and unartful. As examples of both, we may refer to the passages in which various characters from English, and from Grecian and Roman history, are displayed. The former, by a happy gradation, is introduced at the close of a delightful piece, containing the praises of Britain; which is itself a kind of digression, though a very apt and seasonable one. The latter has no other connexion with the part at which it is inserted, than the very forced and distant one, that, as reading may be reckoned among the amusements appropriated to Winter, such subjects as these will naturally offer themselves to the studious mind.

There is another source of sentiment to the Poet of the SEASONS, which, while it is superior to the last in real elevation, is also strictly

connected with the nature of his work. The genuine philosopher, while he surveys the grand and beautiful objects every where surrounding him, will be prompted to lift his eye to the great cause of all these wonders; the planner and architect of this mighty fabric, every minute part of which so much awakens his curiosity and admiration. The laws by which this Being acts, the ends which he seems to have pursued, must excite his humble researches; and in proportion as he discovers infinite power in the means, directed by infinite goodness in the intention, his soul must be wrapt in astonishment, and expanded with gratitude. The economy of Nature will, to such an observer, be the perfect scheme of an all-wise and beneficent mind; and every part of the wide creation will appear to proclaim the praise of its great author. Thus a new connexion will manifest itself between the several parts of the universe; and a new order and design will be traced through the progress of its various revolutions.

THOMSON'S SEASONS is as eminently a religious, as it is a descriptive poem. Thoroughly impressed with sentiments of veneration for the author of that assemblage of order and beauty which it was his province to paint, he takes every proper occasion to excite similar emotions in the breasts of his readers. Entirely free from the gloom of superstition and the narrowness of bigotry, he every where represents the Deity as the kind and beneficent parent of all his works, always watchful over their best interests, and from seeming evil still educing the greatest possible good to all his creatures. In every appearance of nature he beholds the operation of a divine hand; and regards, according to his own emphatical phrase, each change throughout the revolving year as but the "varied God." This spirit, which breaks forth at intervals in each division of his poem, shines full and centred in that noble HYMN which crowns the work. This piece, the sublimest production of

its kind since the days of MILTON, should be considered as the winding up of all the variety of matter and design contained in the preceding parts; and thus is not only admirable as a separate composition, but is contrived with masterly skill to strengthen the unity and connexion of the GREAT WHOLE.

Thus is planned and constructed a Poem, which, founded as it is upon the unfading beauties of Nature, will live as long as the language in which it is written shall be read. If the perusal of it be in any respect rendered more interesting or instructive by this imperfect Essay, the purpose of the writer will be fully answered.



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S P R I N G.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.*





*Metz del*

*Waggle sculp<sup>t</sup>*

## SPRING

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## S P R I N G.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness, come,  
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower  
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HARTFORD, fitted or to shine in courts                    5  
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain  
With innocence and meditation join'd  
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,  
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all  
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.                    10

And see where furly Winter passes off,  
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:  
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,  
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;  
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,                    15



Diffolving snows in livid torrents lost,  
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20  
Deform the day delightful; so that scarce  
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph't  
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore  
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,  
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,  
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more  
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;  
But, full of life and vivifying soul,  
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30  
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the trepid airs; and unconfin'd,  
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.  
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives  
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35  
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough

Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.  
 There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke  
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,  
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40  
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share  
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,  
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

White thro' the neighbouring fields the fower stalks,  
 With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain 45  
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground:  
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Man  
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!  
 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend! 50  
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,  
 Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live  
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,  
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:  
 Such themes as these the rural Maro sung 55  
 To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height  
 Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.  
 In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd

The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:  
And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes 60  
Are but the beings of a summer's day,  
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm  
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,  
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd  
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 65

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;  
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,  
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,  
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea,  
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain, 70  
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores  
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;  
So with superior boon may your rich soil,  
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour  
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe, 75  
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,  
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,  
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat  
Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power 80

At large, to wander o'er the vernal earth,  
 In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!  
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!  
 United light and shade! where the light dwells  
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight. 85

From the moist meadow to the withered hill  
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs  
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye  
 The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves  
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90  
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,  
 In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;  
 Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,  
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd  
 In all the colours of the flushing year, 95  
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,  
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit  
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,  
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town 100  
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,  
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops

From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze  
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk ; 105  
 Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend  
 Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,  
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,  
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower  
 Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye 110  
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath  
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies :

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale  
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings  
 The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe 115  
 Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast  
 The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,  
 Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.  
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,  
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp 120  
 Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,  
 Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core,  
 Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft  
 The sacred sons of vengeance ; on whose course  
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year. 125  
 To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,

And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;  
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe  
From every cranny suffocated falls:  
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130  
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:  
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,  
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;  
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,  
The little trooping birds unwisely scares. 135

Be patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds  
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd  
Those deepening clouds on clouds, furcharged with rain,  
That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,  
In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze, 140  
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up  
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south  
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven  
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent. 145  
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,  
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,  
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails



Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep  
Sits on th' horizon round a fettle'd gloom: 150  
Not such as wintry-storms on mortals shed,  
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,  
And full of every hope and every joy,  
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze  
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath 155  
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,  
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves  
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd  
In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse  
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160  
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye  
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,  
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,  
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off; 165  
And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once,  
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,  
And forests seem, impatient, to demand  
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks  
Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170  
And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;

And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,  
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world. 175  
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,  
By such as wander thro' the forest walks,  
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.  
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends  
In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 180  
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?  
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;  
And, while the milky nutriment distils,  
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds 185  
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth  
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;  
Till in the western sky, the downward sun  
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush  
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam. 190  
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes  
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,  
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,  
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,  
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 195

Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around,  
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,  
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks  
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,  
And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200  
Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.  
Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow  
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,  
In fair proportion running from the red, 205  
To where the violet fades into the sky.  
Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds  
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;  
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold  
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd 210  
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;  
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,  
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs  
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd  
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly, 215  
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,  
A softened shade, and saturated earth  
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light

Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,  
The balmy treasures of the former day. 220

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,  
O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power  
Of botanist to number up their tribes:  
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,  
In silent search; or thro' the forest rank 225  
With what the dull incurious weeds account,  
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,  
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.  
With such a liberal hand has nature flung  
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds, 230  
Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould,  
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,  
With vision pure, into these secret stores  
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man, 235  
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told  
A length of golden years; unflinch'd in blood,  
A stranger to the savage arts of life,  
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;  
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world. 240

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladdened race  
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see  
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam :  
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ;  
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun, 245  
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,  
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.  
Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,  
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole  
Their hours away : while in the rosy vale 250  
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,  
And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,  
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.  
Nor yet injurious act, nor furly deed,  
Was known among those happy sons of Heaven ; 255  
For reason and benevolence were law.  
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.  
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,  
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun  
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds 260  
Drop'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,  
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.  
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,  
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart

Was meekened, and he join'd his fullen joy. 265  
For music held the whole in perfect peace :  
Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,  
Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round  
Apply'd their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd  
In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270

But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence  
The fabling poets took their golden age,  
Are found no more amid these iron times,  
These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind  
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers, 275  
Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all  
Is off the poise within : the passions all  
Have burst their bounds ; and reason half extinct,  
Or impotent, or else approving, fees  
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd, 280  
Convulsive anger storms at large ; or pale,  
And silent, settles into fell revenge.  
Base envy withers at another's joy,  
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.  
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full, 285  
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.  
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,



A penſive anguiſh pining at the heart;  
Or, funk to ſordid intereſt, feels no more  
That noble wiſh, that never-cloy'd deſire, 290  
Which, ſelfiſh joy diſdaining, ſeeks alone  
To bleſs the dearer object of its flame.  
Hope ſickens with extravagance; and grief,  
Of life impatient, into madneſs ſwells;  
Or in dead ſilence waſtes the weeping hours. 295  
Theſe, and a thouſand mixt emotions more,  
From ever-changing views of good and ill,  
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind  
With endleſs ſtorm: whence, deeply rankling, grows  
The partial thought, a liſtleſs unconcern, 300  
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;  
Then dark diſguſt, and hatred, winding wiles,  
Coward deceit, and ruſſian violence:  
At laſt, extinct each ſocial feeling, fell  
And joyleſs inhumanity pervades 305  
And petrifies the heart. Nature diſturb'd  
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her courſe.

Hence, in old duſky time, a deluge came:  
When the deep-cleft diſparting orb, that arch'd  
The central waters round, impetuous ruſh'd, 310

With univerfal burft, into the gulph,  
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth  
Wide dafh'd the waves, in undulation vaft ;  
Till, from the center to the freaming clouds,  
A shorelefs ocean tumbled round the globe. 315

The Seasons fince have, with feverer fway,  
Opprefs'd a broken world: the Winter keen  
Shook forth his wafte of fnows ; and Summer fhout  
His peftilential heats. Great Spring, before,  
Green'd all the year ; and fruits and bloffoms blufh'd, 320  
In focial fweetnefs, on the felf-fame bough.  
Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm  
Perpetual reign'd, fave what the zephyrs bland  
Breath'd o'er the blue expanfe : for then nor ftorms  
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ; 325  
Sound fleep'd the waters ; no fulphureous glooms  
Swell'd in the fky, and fent the lightning forth ;  
While fickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,  
Hung not, relaxing, on the fprings of life.  
But now, of turbid elements the fport, 330  
From clear to cloudy toft, from hot to cold,  
And dry to moiſt, with inward-eating change,

Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,  
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ; 335  
Though with the pure exhilarating foul  
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,  
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.  
For, with hot ravine fir'd, enfanguin'd Man  
Is now become the lion of the plain, 340  
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold  
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,  
Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer,  
At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,  
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high, 345  
With hunger stung and wild necessity,  
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.  
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,  
With every kind emotion in his heart,  
And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap 350  
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain  
Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !  
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,  
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355

And dip his tongue in gore ! The beast of prey,  
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed : but you, ye flocks,  
What have you done ; ye peaceful people, what,  
To merit death ? you, who have given us milk  
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360  
Against the winter's cold ? And the plain ox,  
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
In what has he offended ? he, whose toil,  
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land  
With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed, 365  
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands  
Even of the clown he feeds ? and that, perhaps,  
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,  
Won by his labour ? Thus the feeling heart  
Would tenderly suggest : but 'tis enough, 370  
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd  
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.  
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,  
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state  
That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,  
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away ;  
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream

Descends the billowy foam : now is the time,  
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380  
To tempt the trout. The well-diffembled fly,  
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,  
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,  
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.  
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm, 385  
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds ;  
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,  
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast  
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,  
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390

When with his lively ray the potent sun  
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,  
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair ;  
Chief should the western breezes curling play,  
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds. 395  
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,  
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;  
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,  
Down to the river, in whose ample wave  
Their little naiads love to sport at large. 400  
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool

Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils  
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank  
Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly; 405  
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,  
With eye attentive mark the springing game.  
Strait as above the surface of the flood  
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,  
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook: 410  
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,  
And to the shelving shore flow-dragging some,  
With various hand proportion'd to their force.  
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,  
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod, 415  
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space  
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,  
Soft disengage, and back into the stream  
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure  
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420  
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,  
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.  
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;  
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear. 425



At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun  
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,  
 With fullen plunge. At once he darts along,  
 Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line ;  
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed, 430  
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;  
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,  
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now 435  
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :  
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side,  
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore  
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the sun 440  
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,  
 Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps ;  
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,  
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale  
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang 445  
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,  
 With all the lowly children of the shade :  
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,

Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing,  
 The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk, 450  
 High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.

There let the classic page thy fancy lead  
 Thro' rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain  
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song.

Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift 455  
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye ;

Or, by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,  
 And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,  
 Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix  
 Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460

Soothe every gust of passion into peace ;  
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,  
 That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the muse  
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465  
 Like Nature ? Can imagination boast,  
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?  
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
 And lose them in each other, as appears  
 In every bud that blows ? If fancy then 470  
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,

Ah what shall language do? ah where find words  
 Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,  
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays  
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 475  
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, tho' successful, will the toil delight.  
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts  
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;  
 And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song! 480  
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!  
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,  
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,  
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,  
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485  
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May  
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
 The morning-dews, and gather in their prime  
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,  
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets. 490

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,  
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks  
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,

Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,  
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk, 495  
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field  
Of bloffom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast  
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence  
Breathes thro' the fense, and takes the ravish'd soul.  
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500  
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,  
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;  
Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads  
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.  
Here their delicious task the fervent bees, 505  
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,  
Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly,  
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube,  
Suck its pure effence, its ethereal soul;  
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare 510  
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,  
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view  
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.  
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye 515  
Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk

Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps :  
Now meets the bending sky ; the river now  
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake, 520  
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,  
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.  
But why so far excursive ? when at hand,  
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,  
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers, 525  
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;  
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first ;  
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;  
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown ; 530  
And lavish stock that scents the garden round :  
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
Anemonies ; auriculas, enrich'd  
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;  
And full ranunculas, of glowing red. 535  
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays  
Her idle freaks ; from family diffus'd  
To family, as flies the father-duft,  
The varied colours run ; and while they break  
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks, 540

With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.  
 No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,  
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :  
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,  
 Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils, 545  
 Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,  
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;  
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks ;  
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.  
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550  
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,  
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, SOURCE OF BEING ! UNIVERSAL SOUL  
 Of Heaven and earth ! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail !  
 To THEE I bend the knee ; to THEE my thoughts, 555  
 Continual, climb ; who, with a master-hand,  
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.  
 By THEE the various vegetative tribes,  
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,  
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew : 560  
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils,  
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells



The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.  
 At THY command the vernal fun awakes  
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root 565  
 By wintry winds ; that now in fluent dance,  
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads  
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world  
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570  
 My panting Muse ! and hark, how loud the woods  
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.  
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour  
 The mazy-running soul of melody  
 Into my varied verse ! while I deduce, 575  
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,  
 The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme  
 Unknown to fame, ' the passion of the groves.'

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,  
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart 580  
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,  
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing ;  
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,  
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows

The soft infusion prevalent, and wide, 585  
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows  
In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,  
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn :  
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590  
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse  
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads  
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,  
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush 595  
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng  
Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length  
Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns  
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought  
Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600  
The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake ;  
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove :  
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these  
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade 605  
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,  
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,

Aid the full concert : while the stock-dove breathes  
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love ;  
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts  
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind  
Try every winning way inventive love 615  
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,  
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,  
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch  
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620  
Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem  
Softening the least approbance to bestow,  
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,  
They brisk advance ; then on a sudden struck,  
Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ; 625  
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,  
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods  
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,  
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ; 630

That Nature's great command may be obey'd,  
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive  
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge  
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;  
Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635  
Commit their feeble offspring : The cleft tree  
Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.  
Others apart far in the grassy dale,  
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave. 640  
But most in woodland solitudes delight,  
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,  
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,  
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645  
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,  
They frame the first foundation of their domes ;  
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought  
But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650  
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps  
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
Intent. And often, from the careless back  
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills

Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655  
Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,  
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,  
Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660  
Tho' the whole loosened Spring around her blows,  
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand  
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings  
The tedious time away ; or else supplies  
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665  
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time  
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,  
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,  
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,  
A helpless family, demanding food 670  
With constant clamour : O what passions then,  
What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
On the new parents seize ! away they fly  
Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
The most delicious morsel to their young ; 675  
Which equally distributed, again  
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,

By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,  
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,  
In some lone cot amid the distant woods, 680  
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,  
Oft as they weeping eye their infant train,  
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn ; exalting love,  
By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd, 685  
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,  
And to the simple, art. With stealthy wing,  
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,  
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,  
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690  
Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head  
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels  
Her sounding flight, and then directly on  
In long excursion skims the level lawn,  
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,  
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste 696  
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud ! to lead  
The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan



Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 700  
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage  
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.  
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,  
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;  
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705  
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.  
Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,  
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear ;  
If on your bosom innocence can win,  
Music engage, or piety persuade. 710

But let not chief the nightingale lament  
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd  
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.  
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,  
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715  
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns  
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ;  
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce  
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;  
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720  
Her sorrows thro' the night ; and on the bough  
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall

Takes up again her lamentable strain  
Of winding woe ; till wide around the woods  
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,  
Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings,  
Demand the free possession of the sky :  
This one glad office more, and then dissolves  
Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730  
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.

'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,  
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,  
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes  
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735

On Nature's common, far as they can see,  
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs  
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge  
Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,  
In loose vibration stretch'd, to trust the void 740

Trembling refuse : till down before them fly  
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,  
Or push them off. The surging air receives  
Its plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings  
Winnow the waving element. On ground 745

Alighted, bolder up again they lead,  
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;  
 Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power  
 Rous'd into life and action, light in air  
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750  
 And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,  
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns  
 On utmost \* Kilda's shore, whose lonely race  
 Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds, 755  
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,  
 Strong pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.  
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,  
 He drives them from his fort, the towering feat,  
 For ages, of his empire; which, in peace, 760  
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea  
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles,

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,  
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,  
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765

\* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

In early Spring, his airy city builds,  
 And ceaseless caws amusive ; there, well-pleas'd,  
 I might the various polity survey  
 Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen  
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770  
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock ;  
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks  
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,  
 The finely-checker'd duck before her train  
 Rows garrulous. The stately-failing swan 775  
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;  
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet  
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,  
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,  
 Loud-threat'ning, reddens ; while the peacock spreads 780  
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun,  
 And swims in radiant majesty along.  
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove  
 Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls  
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade  
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world  
 Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,

And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins  
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 790  
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,  
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,  
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays  
Luxuriant shoot ; or thro' the mazy wood  
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795  
Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.  
And oft, in jealous madd'ning fancy wrapt,  
He seeks the fight ; and, idly-butting, feigns  
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.  
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins : 800  
Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,  
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,  
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix :  
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,  
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,  
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve, 806  
Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong :  
Blows are not felt ; but, tossing high his head,  
And by the well known joy to distant plains  
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ; 810  
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies,  
And, neighing, on the ærial summit takes

Th' exciting gale ; then, steep descending, cleaves  
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,  
Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815  
Turns in black eddies round ; such is the force  
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring  
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep :  
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd, 820  
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.  
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing  
The cruel raptures of the savage kind :  
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,  
They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825  
The far-refounding waste in fiercer bands,  
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme  
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,  
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,  
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830  
Inhaling, healthful, the descending fun.  
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,  
Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,  
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,  
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race 835



Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,  
They start away, and sweep the massy mound  
That runs around the hill ; the rampart once  
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,  
When disunited Britain ever bled, 840  
Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew  
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,  
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads ;  
And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,  
Impartial, watch ; the wonder of a world ! 845

What is this mighty Breath, ye sages, say,  
That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,  
Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and thro' their breast  
These arts of love diffuses ? What, but GOD ?  
Inspiring GOD ! who, boundless Spirit all, 850  
And unremitting Energy, pervades,  
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.  
He ceaseless works alone ; and yet alone  
Seems not to work : with such perfection fram'd  
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855  
But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye  
Th' informing Author in his works appears :  
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,

The SMILING GOD is seen ; while water, earth,  
And air attest his bounty ; which exalts 860  
The brute-creation to this finer thought,  
And annual melts their undefining hearts  
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,  
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man ; 865  
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie  
To raise his being, and serene his soul.  
Can he forbear to join the general smile  
Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,  
While every gale is peace, and every grove 870  
Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks  
Of flowing Spring, ye fordid fons of earth,  
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe ;  
Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !  
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,  
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns 876  
With warmest beam ; and on your open front  
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat  
Inviting modest want. Nor till invok'd  
Can restless goodness wait ; your active search 880  
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd ;

Like silent-working Heaven, surprizing oft  
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.  
 For you the roving spirit of the wind  
 Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds      885  
 Descend in gladfome plenty o'er the world ;  
 And the fun fheds his kindeft rays for you,  
 Ye flower of human race ! In thefe green days,  
 Reviving Sicknefs lifts her languid head ;  
 Life flows afrefh ; and young-ey'd Health exalts      890  
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks  
 The funny glade, and feels an inward blifs  
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings  
 To purchafe. Pure ferenity apace  
 Induces thought, and contemplation ftill.      895  
 By fwift degrees the love of Nature works,  
 And warms the bofom ; till at laft fublim'd  
 To rapture, and enthuftaftic heat,  
 We feel the prefent DEITY, and tafte  
 The joy of GOD to fee a happy world !      900

Thefe are the facred feelings of thy heart,  
 Thy heart inform'd by reafon's purer ray,  
 O LYTTTELTON, the friend ! thy paffions thus  
 And meditations vary, as at large,

Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley Park thou strayest ;  
Thy British Tempe ! There along the dale, 906  
With woods o'er-hung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,  
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,  
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,  
Or gleam in lengthened vista thro' the trees, 910  
You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade  
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts  
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,  
And pensive listen to the various voice  
Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915  
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,  
That, purling down amid the twisted roots  
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake  
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,  
You wander thro' the philosophic world ; 920  
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,  
Or to the curious or the pious eye.  
And oft, conducted by historic truth,  
You tread the long extent of backward time :  
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925  
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage,  
Britannia's weal ; how from the venal gulph  
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.

Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts  
The Muses charm : while, with sure taste refin'd, 930  
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song ;  
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.  
Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,  
With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all  
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ; 935  
And all the tumult of a guilty world,  
Toft by ungenerous passions, sinks away.  
The tender heart is animated peace ;  
And, as it pours its copious treasures forth,  
In varied converse, softening every theme, 940  
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,  
Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,  
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink  
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,  
Unutterable happiness ! which love 945  
Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.  
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow  
The bursting prospect spreads immense around :  
And, snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,  
And verdant field, and darkening heath between, 950  
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,  
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd

Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams :  
 Wide-stretching from the Hall, in whose kind haunt  
 The Hospitable Genius lingers still, 955  
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees  
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;  
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds  
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year, 960  
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom  
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;  
 Her lips blush deeper sweets : she breathes of youth ;  
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,  
 In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves, 965  
 With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize  
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.  
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,  
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick  
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair ! 970  
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :  
 Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,  
 Down cast, and low, in meek submission drest,  
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,  
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975



Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,  
 Where woodbinds flaunt, and roses shed a couch,  
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round,  
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love, 980  
 Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,  
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.  
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame  
 Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,  
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985  
 Still paints th' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;  
 Th' inticing smile ; the modest-seeming eye,  
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,  
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death :  
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990  
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on  
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of love  
 Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,  
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ;  
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears 996  
 Her snaky crest : a quick-returning pang

Shoots thro' the conscious heart ; where honour still,  
And great design, against the oppressive load  
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

But absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,  
Rage, in each thought, by restless musing fed,  
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life !  
Neglected fortune flies ; and sliding swift,  
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005  
'Tis nought but gloom around : The darkened sun  
Loses his light : The rosy-bosom'd Spring  
To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,  
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.  
All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone 1010  
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,  
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.  
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;  
And sad amid the social band he sits,  
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue 1015  
Th' unfinish'd period falls : while borne away  
On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies  
To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;  
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd  
In melancholy site, with head declin'd, 1020

And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,  
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs  
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms ;  
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,  
Romantic, hangs ; there thro' the pensive dusk 1025  
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,  
Indulging all to love : or on the bank  
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze  
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.  
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1030  
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon  
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,  
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train  
Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks,  
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam, 1035  
With softened soul, and wooes the bird of eve  
To mingle woes with his : or, while the world  
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,  
Affociates with the midnight shadows drear ;  
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040  
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,  
Meant for the moving messenger of love ;  
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line  
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed

Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies. 1045  
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power  
In any posture finds ; till the grey morn  
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,  
Exanimate by love : and then perhaps  
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest, 1050  
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,  
That o'er the sick imagination rise,  
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.  
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks ;  
Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or, if retir'd 1055  
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,  
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,  
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares  
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,  
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,  
Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths 1061  
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,  
In night and tempest wrapt ; or shrinks aghast,  
Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades  
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065  
The farther shore ; where succourless, and sad,  
She with extended arms his aid implores ;  
But strives in vain : borne by th' outrageous flood

To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,  
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070

These are the charming agonies of love,  
Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart  
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,  
'Tis then delightful misery no more,  
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075  
Corroding every thought, and blasting all  
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,  
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,  
Farewell ! Ye gleamings of departed peace,  
Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague 1080  
Internal vision taints, and in a night  
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.  
Ah then ; instead of love-enlivened cheeks,  
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes  
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed, 1085  
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire ;  
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,  
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,  
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears  
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090  
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms

For which he melts in fondness, eat him up  
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.  
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,  
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1095  
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,  
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,  
 Her first endearments twining round the soul,  
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.  
 Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1100  
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins ;  
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart :  
 For even the sad assurance of his fears  
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,  
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds, 1105  
 Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life  
 Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care ;  
 His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all  
 His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they ! the happiest of their kind ! 1110  
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,



That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1115  
Attuning all their passions into love ;  
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence : for nought but love 1121  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.  
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent  
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys  
The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125  
Well-merited, consume his nights and days :  
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love  
Is wild desire, fierce as the fens they feel ;  
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven  
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd 1130  
Of a mere, lifeless, violated form :  
While those whom love cements in holy faith,  
And equal transport, free as Nature live,  
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ! 1135  
Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;  
Something than beauty dearer, should they look

Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140  
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.  
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
The human blossom blows ; and every day,  
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm, 1145  
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.  
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls  
For the kind hand of an assiduous care,  
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.  
Oh speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear  
Surprises often, while you look around. 1155  
And nothing strikes your eye but fights of bliss,  
All various Nature pressing on the heart :  
An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160  
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven  
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;

And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,  
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring 1165  
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :  
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;  
When after the long vernal day of life,  
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells  
With many a proof of recollected love, 1170  
Together down they sink in social sleep ;  
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

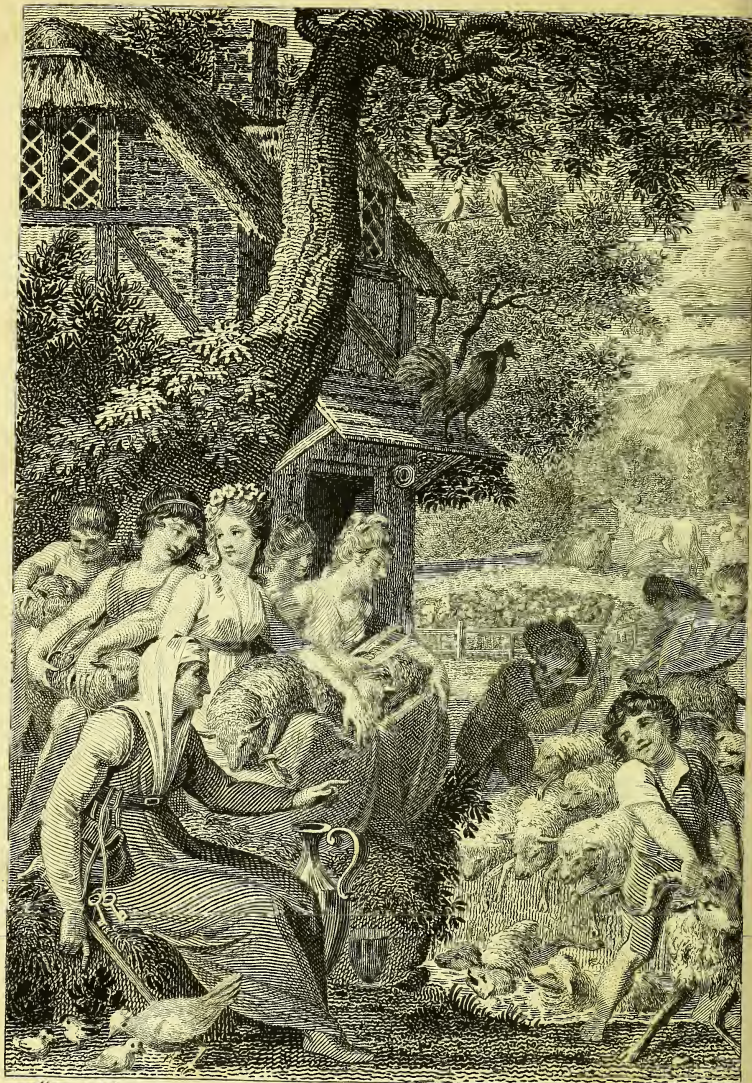
# S U M M E R.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. DODINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataraet, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.*







*W. H. W. del.*

*Anker Smith sculpt*

SUMMER

## S U M M E R.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,  
 Child of the sun, refulgent-SUMMER comes,  
 In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth :  
 He comes attended by the sultry Hours,  
 And ever-fanning Breezes, on his way ; 5  
 While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring  
 Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,  
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,  
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ; 10  
 And on the dark green grass, beside the brink  
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak  
 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,  
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit-feat, 15  
 By mortal feldom found: may Fancy dare,  
 From thy fix'd ferious eye, and raptur'd glance  
 Shot on furrounding Heaven, to steal one look  
 Creative of the Poet, every power  
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,  
 In whom the human graces all unite:  
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;  
 Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,  
 By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit, 25  
 In feldom-meeting harmony combin'd;  
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal  
 For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man.  
 O DODINGTON! attend my rural song,  
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30  
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power  
 Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along  
 Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,  
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35  
 That oft has swept the toiling race of Men,

And all their labour'd monuments away,  
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;  
To the kind temper'd change of night and day,  
And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40  
Minutely faithful: Such TH' ALL-PERFECT HAND!  
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady Whole.

When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,  
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,  
Short is the doubtful empire of the night; 45  
And soon observant of approaching day,  
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,  
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:  
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;  
And, from before the lustre of her face, 50  
White break the clouds away. With quickened step,  
Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,  
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55  
Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine;  
And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
Limps, awkward: while along the forest glade  
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze



At early passenger. Music awakes 60  
The native voice of undisssembled joy ;  
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;  
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives 65  
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake ;  
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
To meditation due and sacred song ? 70  
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?  
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
The fleeting moments of too short a life ;  
Total extinction of th' enlightened soul !  
Or else to feverish vanity alive, 75  
Wildered, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams ?  
Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse  
And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
To bless the wildy-devious morning-walk ? 80

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,

Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach  
 Betoken glad. Lo ; now, apparent all, 85  
 Aflant the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,  
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;  
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,  
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer Light ! 90  
 Of all material beings first, and best !  
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !  
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt  
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !  
 Soul of furrounding worlds ! in whom best seen 95  
 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,  
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,  
 Thy System rolls entire : from the far bourne  
 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100  
 Of thirty years ; to Mercury, whose disk  
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,  
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze



INFORMER of the planetary train !

Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs  
Were brute unlovely mafs, inert and dead, 106  
And not, as now, the green abodes of life !  
How many forms of being wait on thee,  
Inhaling fpirit ; from th' unfettered mind,  
By thee fublim'd, down to the daily race, 110  
The mixing myriads of thy fetting beam.

The vegetable world is alfo thine,  
Parent of Seafons ! who the pomp precede  
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vaft domain,  
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115  
In world-rejoicing ftate, it moves fublime.  
Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay  
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,  
Implore thy bounty, or fend grateful up  
A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car, 120  
High-feen, the Seafons lead, in fprightly dance  
Harmonious knit, the rofy-finger'd Hours,  
The Zephyrs floating loofe, the timely Rains,  
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,  
And foftened into joy the furly Storms. 125  
Thefe, in fucceffive turn, with lavish hand,

Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,  
Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,  
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth, 130  
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,  
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd :  
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,  
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.  
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ; 135  
Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd War  
Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of Peace  
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds  
The round of nations in a golden chain.

The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140  
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.  
The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,  
Collected light, compact ; that, polish'd bright,  
And all its native lustre let abroad,  
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast, 145  
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.  
At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,  
And with a waving radiance inward flames.

From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes  
Its hue cerulean ; and of evening tinct, 150  
The purple-streaming Amethyſt is thine.  
With thy own ſinile the yellow Topaz burns.  
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,  
When firſt ſhe gives it to the ſouthern gale,  
Than the green Emerald flows. But, all combin'd,  
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams ; 156  
Or, flying ſeveral from its ſurface, form  
A trembling variance of revolving hues,  
As the ſite varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160  
Affumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,  
In brighter mazes the relucent ſtream  
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,  
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,  
Softens at thy return. The deſert joys 165  
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.  
Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,  
Seen from ſome pointed promontory's top,  
Far to the blue horizon's utmoſt verge,  
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170  
And all the much-transported Muſe can ſing,

Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,  
Unequal far ; great delegated source  
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM ! 175  
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light  
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd  
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken ;  
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,  
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180  
That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky :  
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,  
And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel  
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of Man, 185  
ALMIGHTY FATHER ! silent in thy praise ;  
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,  
Even in the depth of solitary woods  
By human foot untrod ; proclaim thy power,  
And to the quire celestial THEE resound, 190  
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all !

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd ;

And to peruse its all-instructing page,  
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,  
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195  
My sole delight ; as thro' the falling glooms  
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn  
On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun  
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds, 200  
And morning fogs, that hovered round the hills  
In party-colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd  
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,  
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205  
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires ;  
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,  
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse ;  
While tyrant Heat, disspreading thro' the sky,  
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210  
On Man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,  
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,

Before the parching beam ? So fade the fair,  
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins. 215  
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,  
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,  
Drooping all night ; and, when he warm returns,  
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats ;  
His flock before him stepping to the fold : 221  
While the full-udder'd mother lows around  
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,  
The food of innocence, and health ! The daw,  
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks 225  
That the calm village in their verdant arms,  
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight ;  
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,  
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.  
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene ; 230  
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,  
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,  
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one  
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults  
O'er hill and dale ; till, wakened by the wasp, 235  
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain



To let the little noisy summer-race  
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song :  
Not mean tho' simple ; to the fun ally'd,  
From him they draw their animating fire. 240

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young  
Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborn,  
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,  
And secret corner, where they slept away  
The wintry storms ; or rising from their tombs, 245  
To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,  
Swarming they pour ; of all the vary'd hues  
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.  
Ten thousand forms ! ten thousand different tribes !  
People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250  
By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool  
They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the stream,  
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,  
Or darting falcon. Thro' the green-wood glade  
Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed, 255  
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make  
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,  
And every latent herb : for the sweet task,  
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,

In what tot beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 260  
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,  
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;  
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheefe:  
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream  
 They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl, 265  
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves  
 A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,  
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,  
 Mixture abhor'd! Amid a mangled heap 270  
 Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,  
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.  
 Near the dire cell the dreadful wanderer oft  
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;  
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275  
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line;  
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,  
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,  
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,  
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

Resounds the living surface of the ground.

Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,  
To him who muses thro' the woods at noon ;  
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,  
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285  
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,  
Evading even the microscopic eye !  
Full Nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass  
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290  
Waiting the vital Breath; when PARENT-HEAVEN  
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,  
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud  
Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,  
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way, 295  
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf  
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,  
Within its winding citadel, the stone  
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,  
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300  
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp  
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed  
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool  
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,

Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305  
 Each liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths,  
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,  
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream  
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,  
 Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems, 310  
 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd  
 By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape  
 The grosser eye of Man : for, if the worlds  
 In worlds enclos'd should on his senses burst,  
 From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315  
 He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,  
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax  
 CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd  
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320  
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce  
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?  
 As if upon a full proportion'd dome,  
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art ! 325  
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,

Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.  
 And lives the Man, whose universal eye  
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things ;  
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord, 331  
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude  
 That This availeth nought? Has any seen  
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down  
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink 335  
 Of dreary Nothing, desolate abyfs !  
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?  
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,  
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,  
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340  
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,  
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,  
 The quivering nations sport ; till, tempest-wing'd,  
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345  
 Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass  
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine,  
 A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on  
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;

Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350  
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :  
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
Healthful and strong ; full as the summer-rose  
Blown by prevailing funs, the ruddy maid, 355  
Half naked, swelling on the fight, and all  
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
Even stooping age is here ; and infant-hands  
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load  
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360  
Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row  
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,  
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,  
That throws refreshful round a rural smell :  
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365  
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
The ruffet hay-cock rises thick behind,  
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,  
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,



They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog  
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook  
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,  
And That fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375  
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,  
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood  
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,  
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in: 380  
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,  
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
And panting labour to the farthest shore.  
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece  
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385  
The trout is banish'd by the fordid stream;  
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow  
Slow move the harmless race: where, as they spread  
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,  
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390  
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
The country fill; and, tofs'd from rock to rock,  
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.  
At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks  
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd, 395

Head above head : and, rang'd in lusty rows  
The shepherds fit, and whet the sounding shears.  
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.  
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400  
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king ;  
While the glad circle round them yield their souls  
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
Meantime, their joyous talk goes on apace : 405  
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,  
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,  
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand ;  
Others th' unwilling wether drag along ;  
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410  
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.  
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,  
By needy Man, that all-depending lord,  
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !  
What softness in its melancholy face, 415  
What dumb complaining innocence appears !  
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife  
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;  
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,

Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420  
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,  
Will fend you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! yet hence Britannia fees  
Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands  
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425  
The treasures of the Sun without his rage :  
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,  
Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence  
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,  
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ; 430  
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon ; and, vertical, the Sun  
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.  
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye  
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all 435  
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.  
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,  
Stoops for relief ; thence hot ascending steams  
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root  
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440  
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,

Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither even the Soul.  
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound  
Of sharpening scythe : the mower sinking heaps  
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ; 445  
And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard  
Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.  
The very streams look languid from afar ;  
Or, thro' th' unfelter'd glade, impatient, seem  
To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath !  
And on my throbbing temples potent thus  
Beam not so fierce ! Incessant still you flow,  
And still another fervent flood succeeds,  
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455  
And restless turn, and look around for Night ;  
Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.  
Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side  
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,  
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines : 460  
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,  
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams.  
Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,  
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.

Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man, 465  
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,  
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,  
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !  
Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks ! 470  
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !  
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,  
As to the hunted hart the fallying spring,  
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling fides  
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475  
Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;  
The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye  
And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;  
And life shoots swift thro' all the lightened limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480  
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,  
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now  
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;  
A various group the herds and flocks compose, 485  
Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank

Some ruminating lie ; while others stand  
Half in the flood, and often bending sip  
The circling surface. In the middle droops  
The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490  
Which incompas'd he shakes ; and from his sides  
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,  
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,  
Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careless arm  
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd ; 495  
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;  
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight  
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd ;  
That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500  
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,  
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,  
Thro' all the bright severity of noon ;  
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan  
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505

Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,  
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,  
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,



Springs the high fence ; and, o'er the field effus'd,  
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye, 510  
And heart estranged to fear · his nervous chest,  
Luxuriant, and erect, the feat of strength !  
Bears down th' opposing stream ; quenchless his thirst ;  
He takes the river at redoubled draughts ;  
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave. 515

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth  
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth :  
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,  
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,  
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520  
And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these  
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,  
Ecstatic, felt ; and, from this world retir'd,  
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms, 525  
On gracious errands bent : to save the fall  
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;  
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,  
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul  
For future trials fated to prepare ; 530

To prompt the poet, who devoted gives  
 His muse to better themes ; to soothe the pangs  
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast,  
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,  
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death ; 535  
 And numberless such offices of love,  
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,  
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,  
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540  
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,  
 Creep thro' my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,  
 A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear  
 Of fancy strikes. " Be not of us afraid,  
 " Poor kindred Man ! thy fellow-creatures, we 545  
 " From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,  
 " The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.  
 " Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,  
 " Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain  
 " This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550  
 " Where purity and peace immingle charms.  
 " Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,  
 " Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd

“ By noisy folly and discordant vice,  
 “ Of Nature sing with us, and Nature’s God. 555  
 “ Here frequent, at the visionary hour,  
 “ When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,  
 “ Angelic harps are in full concert heard,  
 “ And voices chanting from the wood-crown’d hill,  
 “ The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade: 560  
 “ A privilege bestow’d by us, alone,  
 “ On contemplation, or the hallow’d ear  
 “ Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain.”

And art thou, \* STANLEY, of that sacred band?  
 Alas, for us too soon! Tho’ rais’d above 565  
 The reach of human pain, above the flight  
 Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray  
 Of sadly pleas’d remembrance, must thou feel  
 A mother’s love, a mother’s tender woe:  
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene; 570  
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,  
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense  
 Inspir’d: where moral wisdom mildly shone,  
 Without the toil of art; and virtue glow’d,

\* A young lady, well known to the Author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575  
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;  
Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay  
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while  
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom  
Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth. 580  
Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death  
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,  
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,  
Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 585  
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound  
Of a near fall of water every sense  
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back,  
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 590  
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,  
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;  
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595  
And from the loud-resounding rocks below,

Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.  
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose :  
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600  
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now  
Aflant the hollowed channel rapid darts ;  
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,  
With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,  
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605  
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow  
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,  
With upward pinions, thro' the flood of day ;  
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610  
Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,  
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,  
Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower  
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.  
The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes, 615  
Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,  
Short interval of weary woe ! again  
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,  
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,

Across his fancy comes; and then resounds 620  
A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Befide the dewy border let me sit,  
All in the freshness of the humid air;  
There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,  
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head 625  
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee  
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm  
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,  
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon, 630  
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,  
And view the wonders of the torrid Zone:  
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,  
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright-effulgent sun, 635  
Rising direct, swift chafes from the sky  
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze  
Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling air:  
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,  
Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640



The \* general Breeze, to mitigate his fire,  
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.  
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd  
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,  
 Returning Suns and † double Seasons pass : 645  
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,  
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,  
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :  
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,  
 Stage above stage, high-waving o'er the hills ; 650  
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,  
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.  
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,  
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods  
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven  
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw 656  
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,

\* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the  
 collateral points, the north-east and south-east : caused by the pressure of  
 the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the  
 sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses  
 in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this  
 effect.

Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste  
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,  
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660  
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats  
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona ! to thy citron groves ;  
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green, 665  
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd  
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,  
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.  
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,  
Quench my hot limbs ; or lead me thro' the maze, 670  
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig :  
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,  
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,  
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,  
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade. 675  
O stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,  
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,  
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine !  
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice  
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680

Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;  
Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race  
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells  
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.  
Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the pride 685  
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er  
The poets imag'd in the golden age:  
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,  
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense  
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads, 691  
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,  
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.  
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,  
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 695  
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand  
Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift  
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,  
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,  
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd  
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells

In awful solitude, and nought is seen  
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,  
 Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning seas : 705  
 On whose luxuriant herbage half-conceal'd,  
 Like a fall'n cedar, far-diffus'd his train,  
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.  
 The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,  
 \* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side, 710  
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies .  
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;  
 Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,  
 In widening circle round, forget their food,  
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast  
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,  
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;  
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,  
 High-rais'd in solemn theatre around, 720  
 Leans the huge elephant : wisest of brutes !  
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd,  
 Tho' powerful, not destructive ! Here he fees

\* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,  
 And empires rise and fall; regardless he 725  
 Of what the never-resting race of Men  
 Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,  
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;  
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,  
 The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert, 730  
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,  
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,  
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,  
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,  
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 736  
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues  
 Profusely pours. \* But, if she bids them shine,  
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,  
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song. 740  
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent  
 Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast  
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,

\* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful  
 in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

While Philomel is ours ; while in our shades,  
Thro' the soft silence of the listening night, 745  
The sober-suited songstrefs trills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,  
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky :  
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,  
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar ; ardent climb 750  
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds  
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.  
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask  
Of social commerce com'ft to rob their wealth ;  
No holy Fury thou, blaspheming HEAVEN, 755  
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,  
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,  
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.  
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'ft freely range,  
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers, 760  
From jasmine grove to grove, may'ft wander gay,  
Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,  
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,  
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.  
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765  
For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks,



That from the fun-redoubling valley lift,  
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;  
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise ;  
 And gardens finile around, and cultur'd fields ; 770  
 And fountains gush ; and carelefs herds and flocks  
 Securely ftray ; a world within itfelf,  
 Difdaining all affault : there let me draw  
 Ethereal foul, there drink reviving gales,  
 Profufely breathing from the fpicy groves, 775  
 And vales of fragrance ; there at diftance hear  
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep  
 From difembowel'd earth the virgin gold ;  
 And o'er the varied landfcape, reftlefs, rove,  
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind : 780  
 A land of wonders ! which the fun ftill eyes  
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm  
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the fcene ! In blazing height of noon,  
 The fun, opprefs'd, is plung'd in thickeft gloom. 785  
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,  
 Of ftruggling night and day malignant mix'd.  
 For to the hot equator crowding faft,  
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air

Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790  
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;  
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,  
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and flow,  
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.  
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd 795  
 Around the cold ærial mountain's brow,  
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,  
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne :  
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage ;  
 Till, in the furious elemental war 800  
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass  
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search  
 Of ancient knowledge ; whence, with annual pomp,  
 Rich king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling Nile. 805  
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,  
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake  
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant-stream.  
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away  
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810  
 That with unfading verdure smile around.  
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks ;

And gathering many a flood, and copious fed  
 With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,  
 Winds in progreſſive majeſty along : 815  
 Thro' ſplendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,  
 Now wanders wild o'er ſolitary tracts  
 Of life-deſerted ſand ; till, glad to quit  
 The joyleſs deſert, down the Nubian rocks,  
 From thundering ſteep to ſteep, he pours his urn, 820  
 And Egypt joys beneath the ſpreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods  
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave  
 Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract  
 Of woody mountains ſtretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind 825  
 Fall on Cormandel's coaſt, or Malabar ;  
 From \* Menam's orient ſtream, that nightly ſhines  
 With infect-lamps, to where Aurora ſheds  
 On Indus' ſmiling banks the roſy ſhower :  
 All, at this bounteous ſeaſon, ope their urns, 830  
 And pour untoiling harveſt o'er the land.

Nor leſs thy world, COLUMBUS, drinks, reſreſh'd,

\* The river that runs thro' Siam ; on whoſe banks a vaſt multitude of thoſe infects called Fire-flies make a beautiful appearance in the night.

The lavish moisture of the melting year.  
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque  
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives 835  
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,  
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.  
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd  
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends  
The mighty \* Orellana. Scarce the Muse 840  
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass  
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt  
The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,  
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,  
Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845  
In silent dignity they sweep along,  
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,  
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,  
Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,  
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forfaking these, 850  
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,  
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,  
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;  
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd

\* The river of the Amazons.

By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons. 855  
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,  
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,  
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe;  
 And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?  
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss? 861  
 This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,  
 Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?  
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,  
 What their unplanted fruits? What the cool draughts,  
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 866  
 Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what,  
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?  
 Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid  
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870  
 Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;  
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?  
 What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,  
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?  
 Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace, 875  
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;  
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;

Progressive truth, the patient force of thought ;  
Investigation calm, whose silent powers  
Command the world ; the Light that leads to Heaven ;  
Kind equal rule, the government of laws, 881  
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone  
Sustains the name and dignity of Man :  
These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself  
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize ; 885  
And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom  
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,  
And feature gross : or worse, to ruthless deeds,  
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,  
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there, 890  
The soft regards, the tendernefs of life,  
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight  
Of sweet humanity : these court the beam  
Of milder climes ; in selfish fierce desire,  
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895  
There lost. The very brute-creation there  
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,  
Which even Imagination fears to tread,  
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900



In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,  
 Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffus'd,  
 He throws his folds : and while, with threat'ning tongue,  
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls  
 His flaming crest, all other thirst, appall'd, 905  
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,  
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,  
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,  
 Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins  
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910  
 The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,  
 This child of vengeful Nature ! There, sublim'd  
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race  
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,  
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut 915  
 His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce  
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd :  
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er  
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;  
 And, scorning all the taming arts of Man, 920  
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.  
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods  
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,  
 That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,

Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, 925  
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;  
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,  
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks  
 Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,  
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930  
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear  
 The coming rage. Th' awakened village starts ;  
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains  
 Her thoughtless infant. From the Pyrate's den,  
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd, 935  
 The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again :  
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,  
 From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,  
 Society, cut off, is left alone 940  
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,  
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,  
 And views the main that ever toils below ;  
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge  
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 945  
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds ;  
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns

A mournful eye, and down his dying heart  
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,  
And his continual thro' the tedious night. 950  
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes  
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,  
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,  
Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds :  
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955  
And all the green delights Ausonia pours ;  
When for them she must bend the servile knee,  
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.  
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960  
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,  
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,  
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,  
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites  
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965  
Son of the desert ! even the camel feels,  
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.  
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,  
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,  
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play ; 970

Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;  
 Till, with the general all-involving storm  
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;  
 And, by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,  
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975  
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan  
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets  
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,  
 And Mecca faddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980  
 Obeys the blast, the ærial tumult swells.  
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,  
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,  
 The circling \* Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,  
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985  
 And dire \* Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,  
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † speck  
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells :  
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,

\* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes,  
 known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990  
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow  
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,  
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,  
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,  
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995  
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.  
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.  
 Art is too slow: By rapid fate oppress'd,  
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,  
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss. 1000  
 With such mad seas the daring \* Gama fought,  
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,  
 Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape;  
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst  
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd 1005  
 The rising world of trade: the Genius, then,  
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,  
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,  
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last

\* Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

The \* Lufitanian Prince; who, Heav'n-inspir'd,  
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind, 1011  
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,  
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,  
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent 1015  
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,  
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,  
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;  
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,  
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020  
 Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.  
 The stormy fates descend: one death involves  
 Tyrants and slaves; when strait, their mangled limbs  
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas  
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains  
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless fun,  
 And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,

\* Don Henry, third son to John the first, king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.



Where putrefaction into life ferments,  
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods, 1030  
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,  
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,  
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot  
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth  
Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease. 1035  
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,  
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,  
And feeble desolation, casting down  
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.  
Such as, of late, at Carthagea quench'd 1040  
The British fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw  
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw  
To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;  
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,  
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye 1045  
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans  
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;  
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the fullen waves,  
The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,  
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050  
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,  
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,  
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,  
Descends? \* From Ethiopia's poisoned woods, 1055  
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields  
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,  
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage  
The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,  
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1060  
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;  
Uninterrupted by the living winds,  
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd  
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,  
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then, 1065  
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand  
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop  
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,  
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.  
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad; 1070  
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd  
The cheerful haunt of Men: unless escap'd  
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,

\* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague, in  
Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,  
With frenzy wild, breaks loose ; and, loud to heaven  
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076  
Inhuman, and unwise. The fullen door,  
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge  
Fearing to turn, abhors society :  
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080  
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,  
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.  
But vain their selfish care : the circling sky,  
The wide enlivening air is full of fate ;  
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085  
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.  
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair  
Extends her raven wing ; while, to complete  
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,  
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090  
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unfung : the rage intense  
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,  
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year :  
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095  
The infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;

And, rous'd within the subterranean world,  
Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes  
Aspiring cities from their solid base,  
And buries mountains in the flaming gulph. 1100  
But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse :  
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, flow-fettring o'er the lurid grove  
Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains  
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd 1105  
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,  
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.  
Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume  
Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,  
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame, 1110  
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,  
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,  
Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,  
The dash of clouds, or irritating war,  
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115  
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,  
Dread thro' the dun expanse ; save the dull sound  
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,

And shakes the forest leaf without a breath. 1120

Prone, to the lowest vale, the ærial tribes

Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce

Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze

The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens

Cast a deploring eye; by Man forfook, 1125

Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,

Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:

When to the startled eye the sudden glance

Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud; 1130

And following slower, in explosion vast,

The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.

At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,

The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,

And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135

The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more

The noise astounds: till over head a sheet

Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,

And opens wider; shuts and opens still

Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140

Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,

Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal  
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds, 1145  
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,  
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,  
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,  
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.  
Black from the stroke, above, the mouldring pine 1150  
Stands a sad shattered trunk; and, stretch'd below,  
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:  
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look  
They wore alive, and ruminating still  
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull, 1155  
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,  
The venerable tower and spiry fane  
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods  
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,  
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.  
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud 1161.  
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,  
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks  
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,

Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and Snowden's peak, 1165  
Diffolving, instant yields his wintry load.  
Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,  
And Thulè bellows thro' her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.  
And yet not always on the guilty head 1170  
Descends the fated flash. Young CELADON  
And his AMELIA were a matchless pair ;  
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,  
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone .  
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175  
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd: But such their guileless passion was,  
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart  
Of innocence, and undissembled truth.  
'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish, 1180  
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
To love, each was to each a dearer self ;  
Supremely happy in th' awakened power  
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185  
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd



The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,  
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour, 1190  
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,  
While, with each other blest, creative love  
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.  
Presaging instant fate her bosom heav'd 1195  
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look  
Of the big gloom on CELADON her eye  
Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.  
In vain assuring love, and confidence  
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook 1200  
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd  
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look  
On dying faints, his eyes compassion shed,  
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,  
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence, 1205  
"And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves  
"In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee  
"With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft  
"That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour

“ Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice, 1210  
“ Which thunders terror thro’ the guilty heart,  
“ With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.  
“ ’Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus  
“ To clasp perfection !” From his void embrace, 1214  
Mysterious Heaven ! that moment, to the ground,  
A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid.  
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
Pierc’d by severe amazement, hating life,  
Speechless, and fix’d in all the death of woe !  
So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb, 1220  
The well-diffembled mourner stooping stands,  
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds  
Tumultuous rove, th’ interminable sky  
Sublimar swells, and o’er the world expands 1225  
A purer azure. Thro’ the lightened air  
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,  
Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign  
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,  
Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230  
Invests the fields ; and nature smiles reviv’d.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,  
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat  
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.  
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man, 1235  
 Most-favour'd ; who with voice articulate  
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world ?  
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand  
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,  
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd, 1240  
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,  
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth  
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth  
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands 1245  
 Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid  
 To meditate the blue profound below ;  
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.  
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek,  
 Instant emerge ; and thro' the obedient wave, 1250  
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,  
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,  
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;

While, from his polish'd fides, a dewy light  
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round. 1255

This is the purest exercise of health,  
The kind refresher of the summer-heats ;  
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,  
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.  
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd, 1260  
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse  
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs  
Knit into force ; and the same Roman arm,  
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,  
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave. 1265  
Even, from the body's purity, the mind  
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Cloſe in the covert of an hazel copſe,  
Where winded into pleaſing folitudes  
Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON fat, 1270  
Penſive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.  
There to the ſtream that down the diſtant rocks  
Hoarſe-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd  
Among the bending willows, falſely he  
Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd. 1275

She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,  
In bashful coyneſs, or in maiden pride,  
The ſoft return conceal'd; ſave when it ſtole  
In ſide-long glances from her downcaſt eye,  
Or from her ſwelling ſoul in ſtified ſighs. 1280  
Touch'd by the ſcene, no ſtranger to his vows,  
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;  
And, if an infant paſſion ſtruggled there,  
To call that paſſion forth. Thrice happy ſwain!  
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate 1285  
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.  
For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,  
This cool retreat his MUSIDORA fought:  
Warm in her cheek the ſultry ſeaſon glow'd;  
And, rob'd in looſe array, ſhe came to bathe 1290  
Her fervent limbs in the reſreſhing ſtream.  
What ſhall he do? In ſweet confuſion loſt,  
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:  
A pure ingenuous elegance of ſoul,  
A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295  
Perplex'd his breaſt, and urg'd him to retire:  
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, ſay,  
Say, ye ſevereſt, what would you have done?  
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bleſt

Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 1300  
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,  
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.  
Ah then ! not Paris on the piny top  
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside  
The rival-goddeesses the veil divine 1305  
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,  
Than, DAMON, thou ; as from the snowy leg,  
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew ;  
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone ;  
And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast, 1310  
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze  
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,  
How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view ;  
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,  
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1315  
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn ;  
And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,  
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze  
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn ?  
Then to the flood she rush'd ; the parted flood 1320  
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd ;  
And every beauty softening, every grace  
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed.

As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild;  
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1325  
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.  
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave  
 But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,  
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,  
 Rising again, the latent **DAMON** drew 1330  
 Such madd'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,  
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought  
 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,  
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd  
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335  
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,  
 With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,  
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank  
 With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,  
 " Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye 1340  
 " Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,  
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,  
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,  
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,  
 A stupid moment motionless she stood: 1345  
 So stands the \* statue that enchants the world,

\* The Venus of Medici.



So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,  
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.  
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes  
 Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd 1350  
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.  
 But, when her DAMON's well-known hand she saw,  
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train  
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,  
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt, 1355  
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem  
 And admiration of her lover's flame,  
 By modesty exalted: even a sense  
 Of self-approving beauty stole across  
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm 1360  
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;  
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream  
 Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen  
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,  
 Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy: 1365  
 " Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,  
 " By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,  
 " Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now  
 " Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."

The sun has lost his rage: his downward orb 1370  
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,  
And vital lustre; that, with various ray,  
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,  
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,  
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below, 1375  
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast  
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth  
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour  
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves  
To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380  
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,  
And in pathetic song to breathe around  
The harmony to others. Social friends,  
Attun'd to happy unison of soul;  
To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 1385  
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,  
Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught  
With philosophic stores, superior light;  
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns  
Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance; 1390  
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:  
Now to the verdant Portico of woods,  
To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk;

By that kind School where no proud master reigns,  
 The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395  
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,  
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,  
 And pour their souls in transport, which the SIRE  
 Of love approving hears, and "calls it good."  
 Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course? 1400  
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?  
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind  
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?  
 Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild  
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend, 1405  
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,  
 Thy hill, delightful \* Shene? Here let us sweep  
 The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,  
 Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA send,  
 Now to the † Sister-Hills that skirt her plain, 1410  
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where  
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.  
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view  
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn

\* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon 'Shining,' or 'Splendor.'

† Highgate and Hamstead.

To where the silver Thames first rural grows. 1415  
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray :  
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods  
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat ;  
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,  
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd, 1420  
 With Her the pleasing partner of his heart,  
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,  
 And polish'd CORNBURY woos the willing Muse,  
 Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames ;  
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1425  
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their POPE implore  
 The healing God\* ; to royal Hampton's pile,  
 To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,  
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd  
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole, 1430  
 From courts and senates PELHAM finds repose.  
 Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse  
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !  
 O vale of bliss ! O softly-swellling hills !  
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies, 1435  
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

\* In his last sickness.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays ! 1440  
 Happy BRITANNIA ! where the Queen of Arts,  
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad  
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,  
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ; 1445  
 Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought ;  
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy valleys float  
 With golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks  
 Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their sides,  
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450  
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd  
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand  
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;  
 And property assures it to the swain,  
 Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil. 1455

Full are thy cities with the sons of art ;  
 And trade and joy, in every busy street,  
 Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,

As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews  
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports, 1460  
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,  
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts  
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves  
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,  
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind. 1465

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,  
By hardship finew'd, and by danger fir'd,  
Scattering the nations where they go; and first  
Or on the lifted plain, or stormy seas.  
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans 1470  
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;  
In genius, and substantial learning, high;  
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;  
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;  
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd, 1475  
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource  
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy Sons of Glory many! ALFRED thine,  
In whom the splendor of heroic war,  
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480

Combine ; whose hallowed name the virtues faint,  
 And his own Muses love ; the best of Kings !  
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,  
 Names dear to Fame ; the first who deep impress'd  
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485  
 That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,  
 And Patriots, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,  
 Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,  
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,  
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just, 1490  
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor.  
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.  
 Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine ;  
 A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,  
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1495  
 Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak  
 The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign ?  
 In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd ;  
 RALEIGH, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all  
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd. 1500  
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign  
 The warrior fettered, and at last resign'd,  
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.  
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind



Explor'd the vast extent of ages past, 1505  
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;  
Yet found no times, in all the long research,  
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,  
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.  
Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass, 1510  
The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,  
The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.  
A HAMDEN too is thine, illustrious land,  
Wife, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,  
Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age 1515  
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,  
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.  
Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,  
Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye  
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read. 1520  
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew  
The grave where RUSSEL lies ; whose temper'd blood,  
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,  
Stain'd the said annals of a giddy reign ;  
Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk 1525  
In loose inglorious luxury. With him  
His friend, the \* BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled ;

Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,  
 By antient learning to th' enlightened love  
 Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1530  
 In awful Sages and in noble Bards ;  
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread  
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.  
 Thine is a BACON ; hapless in his choice,  
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1535  
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,  
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still  
 To urge his course : him for the studious shade  
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
 Exact, and elegant ; in one rich soul, 1540  
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.  
 The great deliverer he ! who from the gloom  
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,  
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long  
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms, 1545  
 And definitions void : he led her forth,  
 Daughter of Heaven ! that flow-ascending still,  
 Investigating sure the chain of things,  
 With radiant finger points to Heaven again. 1549  
 The generous \* ASHLEY thine, the friend of Man ;

\* Antony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

Who scann'd his Nature, with a brother's eye,  
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
To touch the finer movements of the mind,  
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.  
Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious search 1555  
Amid the dark recesses of his works,  
The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE,  
Who made the whole internal world his own?  
Let NEWTON, pure Intelligence, whom GOD  
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works 1560  
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame  
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,  
Creative fancy, and inspection keen  
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart, 1564  
Is not wild SHAKESPEARE thine and Nature's boast?  
Is not each great, each amiable Muse  
Of classic ages in thy MILTON met?  
A genius universal as his theme;  
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom  
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime. 1570  
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,  
The gentle SPENSER, Fancy's pleasing son;  
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song  
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:

Nor thee, his antient master, laughing sage, 1575  
 CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,  
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud  
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy Daughters I,  
 Britannia, hail ! for beauty is their own, 1580  
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
 And elegance, and taste : the faultless form,  
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony ; the cheek,  
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white  
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585  
 And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,  
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,  
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,  
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,  
 The neck flight-shaded, and the swelling breast ; 1590  
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love  
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas,  
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up, 1595  
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,

Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores  
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;  
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O THOU ! by whose almighty Nod the scale  
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,  
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,  
In bright patrol : white Peace, and social Love ;  
The tender-looking Charity, intent 1605  
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;  
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind ;  
Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound Temperance,  
Healthful in heart and look ; clear Chastity,  
With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610  
Disordered at the deep regard she draws ;  
Rough Industry ; Activity untir'd,  
With copious life inform'd, and all awake :  
While in the radiant front, superior shines  
That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal ; 1615  
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,  
And, ever musing on the common weal,  
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,  
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds 1620  
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,  
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.  
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,  
As if his weary chariot fought the bowers  
Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs, 1625  
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;  
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve  
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,  
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void; 1630  
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,  
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,  
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,  
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:  
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635  
Who all day long in fordid pleasure roll'd,  
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,  
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd  
A drooping family of modest worth.  
But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640  
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,

Diffusing kind beneficence around,  
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;  
 To him the long review of order'd life  
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,  
 All ether softening, sober Evening takes  
 Her wonted station in the middle air ;  
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this  
 She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye 1650  
 Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,  
 In circle following circle, gathers round,  
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale  
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,  
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ; 1655  
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.  
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,  
 A whitening shower of vegetable down  
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care  
 Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed 1660  
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,  
 From field to field the feathered feeds the wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home



Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves  
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ; 1665  
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,  
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,  
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn  
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.  
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 1670  
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where  
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,  
 In various game, and revelry, to pass  
 The summer-night, as village-stories tell.  
 But far about they wander from the grave 1675  
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd  
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand  
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower  
 Is also shunn'd ; whose mournful chambers hold,  
 So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 1680

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
 The glow-worm lights his gem ; and, thro' the dark,  
 A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields  
 The world to Night ; not in her winter-robe  
 Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd 1685  
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,

Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,  
Flings half an image on the straining eye ;  
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,  
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd 1690  
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,  
Uncertain if beheld: Sudden to heaven  
Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft  
The silent hours of love, with purest ray  
Sweet Venus shines ; and from her genial rise, 1695  
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,  
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.  
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,  
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot  
Across the sky ; or horizontal dart 1700  
In wondrous shapes : by fearful murmuring crowds  
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,  
That more than deck, that animate the sky,  
The life-infusing fons of other worlds ;  
Lo ! from the dread immensity of space 1705  
Returning, with accelerated course,  
The rushing comet to the sun descends ;  
And as he sinks below the shading earth,  
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,  
The guilty nations tremble. But, above 1710

Those superstitious horrors that enslave  
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith  
And blind amazement prone, the enlightened few,  
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,  
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 1715  
Divinely great ; they in their powers exult,  
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns  
This dusky spot, and measures all the sky ;  
While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds  
Of barren ether, faithful to his time, 1720  
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,  
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent  
To work the will of all-sustaining LOVE :  
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake  
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs, 1725  
Thro' which his long ellipsis winds ; perhaps  
To lend new fuel to declining suns,  
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,  
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song ! 1730  
Effusive source of evidence, and truth !  
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,  
Stronger than summer-noon ; and pure as that,

Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,  
 New to the dawning of celestial day. 1735  
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,  
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,  
 Above the tangling mafs of low desires,  
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,  
 The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740  
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,  
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyfs,  
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:  
 The First up-tracing, from the dreary void,  
 The chain of causes and effects to HIM, 1745  
 The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone  
 Possesses being; while the Last receives  
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,  
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,  
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1750  
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts  
 Her voice to ages; and informs the page  
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,  
 Never to die! the treasure of mankind! 1755  
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unenlightened Man?  
A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,  
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashioned fur  
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art, 1760  
And elegance of life. Nor happiness  
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,  
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,  
Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill  
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765  
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow  
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves  
The burning line or dares the wintry pole;  
Mother severe of infinite delights!  
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile, 1770  
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!  
Whose horrid circle had made human life  
Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,  
Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;  
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all 1775  
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds  
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs  
The ruling helm; or, like the liberal breath  
Of potent Heaven, invifible, the fail  
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along. 1780

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth  
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high  
Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze  
Creation through ; and, from that full complex  
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 1785  
Of the SOLE BEING right, who “ spoke the Word,”  
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,  
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns  
Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,  
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ; 1790  
Compound, divide, and into order shift,  
Each to his rank, from plain perception up  
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :  
To reason then, deducing truth from truth ;  
And notion quite abstract ; where first begins 1795  
The world of spirits, action all, and life  
Unfettered, and unmixt. But here the cloud,  
So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.  
Enough for us to know that this dark state,  
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits, 1800  
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove  
The final issue of the works of GOD,  
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,  
And ever rising with the rising mind.





A U T U M N.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.*





*Metz del.*

*Medland sculp.*

## AUTUMN

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## A U T U M N.

CROWN'D with the fickle and the wheaten sheaf,  
 While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,  
 Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,  
 Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost  
 Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring 5  
 Put in white promise forth; and Summer-suns  
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,  
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ONSLOW! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,  
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10  
 Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear  
 A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,  
 The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,  
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;  
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15



Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence  
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.  
But she too pants for public virtue, she,  
Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,  
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20  
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries  
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,  
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year ;  
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook 25  
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,  
With golden light enlivened, wide invests  
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,  
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds  
A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below 30  
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.  
Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale  
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain :  
A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air  
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35  
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;  
The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun  
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,

And black by fits the shadows sweep along.  
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40  
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry ! rough power !  
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;  
Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45  
And all the soft civility of life :  
Raifer of human kind ! by Nature cast,  
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods  
And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;  
With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50  
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around  
Materials infinite ; but idle all.  
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,  
Slept the lethargic powers ; corruption still,  
Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand 55  
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :  
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd  
With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal  
Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !  
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60  
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,



Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:

Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;

And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away.

For home he had not ; home is the resort

65

Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,

Supporting and supported, polish'd friends

And dear relations mingle into bliss.

But this the rugged savage never felt,

Even desolate in crowds ; and thus his days

70

Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd, along :

A waste of time ! till Industry approach'd,

And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :

His faculties unfolded ; pointed out,

Where lavish Nature the directing hand

75

Of Art demanded ; shew'd him how to raise

His feeble force by the mechanic powers,

To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,

On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,

On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ;

80

Gave the tall ancient forest to his ax ;

Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,

Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;

Tore from his limbs the blood polluted fur,

And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,

85

Or bright in glossy filk, and flowing lawn ;  
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd  
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake  
The life-refining soul of decent wit :  
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ; 90  
But, still advancing bolder, led him on  
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;  
And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,  
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,  
And bade him be the Lord of all below. 95

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,  
And form'd a Public ; to the general good  
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.  
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,  
The free, and fairly represented Whole ; 100  
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,  
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,  
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set  
Imperial Justice at the helm ; yet still  
To them accountable : nor slavish dream'd 105  
That toiling millions must resign their weal,  
And all the honey of their search, to such  
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life  
In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110  
Into perfection wrought   Uniting all,  
Society grew numerous, high, polite,  
And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd  
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;  
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew, 115  
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew  
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring fons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk  
The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ; 119  
Rais'd the strong crane ; chok'd up the loaded street  
With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O THAMES,  
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !  
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,  
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between 125  
Possess'd the breezy void ; the footy hulk,  
Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along  
Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,  
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;  
While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130  
From bank to bank increas'd ; whence, ribb'd with oak,

To bear the British Thunder, black, and bold,  
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnificent, heav'd  
Its ample roof; and Luxury within 135  
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,  
With glowing life protuberant, to the view  
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,  
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch  
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd. 140

All is the gift of Industry; whate'er  
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life  
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him  
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears  
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along; 145  
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;  
Without him Summer were an arid waste;  
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmute  
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,  
That waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;

Before the ripened field the reapers stand,  
In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,  
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155  
By nameless gentle offices her toil.  
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;  
While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,  
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160  
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;  
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165  
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.  
Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling  
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think !  
How good the God of Harvest is to you, 170  
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;  
While these unhappy partners of your kind  
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want 175  
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young LAVINIA once had friends ;  
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.  
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,  
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven, 180  
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd  
Among the windings of a woody vale ;  
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185  
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
From giddy passion and low-minded pride :  
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;  
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190  
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd, and pure,  
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.  
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195  
Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :  
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,  
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200



Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205  
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.  
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods,  
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210  
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;  
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
The sweet LAVINIA; till, at length, compell'd  
By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215  
With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains  
PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;  
Who led the rural life in all its joy  
And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220  
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;  
When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,  
But free to follow Nature was the mode.  
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes



Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225  
To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye ;  
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
With unaffected blushes from his gaze :  
He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. 230  
That very moment love and chaste desire  
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;  
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field : 235  
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

“ What pity ! that so delicate a form,  
“ By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
“ And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
“ Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240  
“ Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,  
“ Of old ACASTO's line ; and to my mind  
“ Recalls that patron of my happy life,  
“ From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;  
“ Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands, 245  
“ And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.  
“ 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,

" Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
 " Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
 " His aged widow, and his daughter live, 250  
 " Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
 " Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !"

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found  
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
 Of bountiful ACASIO ; who can speak 255  
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,  
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran ?  
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;  
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once, 260  
 Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,  
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
 As thus PALEMEN, passionate, and just,  
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

" And art thou then ACASIO's dear remains ? 265  
 " She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,  
 " So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,  
 " The softened image of my noble friend,  
 " Alive his every look, his every feature,

“ More elegantly touch’d. Sweeter than Spring! 270  
“ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root  
“ That nourish’d up my fortune! Say, ah where,  
“ In what sequester’d desert, hast thou drawn  
“ The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?  
“ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair; 275  
“ Tho’ poverty’s cold wind, and crushing rain,  
“ Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?  
“ O let me now, into a richer soil,  
“ Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,  
“ Diffuse their warmest, largest influence; 280  
“ And of my garden be the pride, and joy!  
“ Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits  
“ ACASTO’S daughter, his whose open stores,  
“ Tho’ vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
“ The father of a country, thus to pick 285  
“ The very refuse of those harvest-fields,  
“ Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
“ Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
“ But ill apply’d to such a rugged task;  
“ The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine; 290  
“ If to the various blessings which thy house  
“ Has on me lavish’d, thou wilt add that bliss,  
“ That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!”

Here ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking eye  
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295  
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.  
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
Of goodness irresistible, and all  
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300  
The news immediate to her mother brought,  
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away  
The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate ;  
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours : 306  
Not less enraptur'd then the happy pair ;  
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves ;  
And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

Defeating oft the labours of the year,  
The sultry south collects a potent blast.  
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir  
Their trembling tops ; and a still murmur runs  
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn. 315  
But as the aërial tempest fuller swells,

And in one mighty stream, invifible,  
Immenfe, the whole excited atmofphere  
Impetuous rufhes o'er the founding world;  
Strain'd to the root, the ftooping forest pours 320  
A ruftling ſhower of yet untimely leaves.  
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,  
From the bare wild, the diffipated ſtorm,  
And fend it in a torrent down the vale.  
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmoſt rage, 325  
Thro' all the ſea of harveſt rolling round,  
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,  
Tho' pliant to the blaſt, its ſeizing force;  
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff  
Shook waſte. And ſometimes too a burſt of rain, 330  
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends  
In one continuous flood. Still over head  
The mingling tempeſt weaves its gloom, and ſtill  
The deluge deepens; till the fields around  
Lie funk, and flatted, in the fordid wave. 335  
Sudden the ditches ſwell; the meadows ſwim.  
Red, from the hills, innumerable ſtreams  
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks  
The river liſt; before whoſe ruſhing tide  
Herds, flocks, and harveſts, cottages, and ſwains, 340

Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spar'd  
In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes,  
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.

Fled to some eminence, the husbandman  
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345

Driving along ; his drowning ox at once  
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,  
He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought  
Comes winter unprovided, and a train  
Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350

Be mindful of the rough laborious hand  
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;  
Be mindful of those limbs in ruffet clad

Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride ;  
And oh be mindful of that sparing board 355

Which covers yours with luxury profuse,  
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !

Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains  
And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360

The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,

Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural Game :

How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,



Stiff, by the tainted gale; with open nose,  
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 365  
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;  
As in the fun the circling covey bask  
Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,  
Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.  
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370  
Their idle wings, entangled more and more :  
Nor on the furies of the boundless air,  
Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun  
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye  
O'ertakes their founding pinions; and again, 375  
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,  
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,  
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,  
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song; 380  
Then most delighted, when she social sees  
The whole mix'd animal-creation round  
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,  
This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death;  
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385  
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;

When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,  
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,  
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,  
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man, 390  
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power  
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath  
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,  
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,  
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395  
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,  
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;  
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,  
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,  
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !  
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone feat  
 Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,  
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;  
 The thistly lawn; the thick-entangled broom; 405  
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;  
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,  
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.

Vain is her best precaution ; tho' she fits 410  
Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,  
By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in ;  
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,  
In act to spring away. The scented dew  
Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep, 415  
In scattered fullen openings, far behind,  
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.  
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads  
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all  
The savage soul of game is up at once : 420  
The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn  
Refounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,  
Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunters shout ;  
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all  
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy. 425

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long  
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,  
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,  
He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, rous'd by fear,  
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight ; 430  
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :

Deception short ! tho' fleeter than the winds  
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,  
He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades, 435  
And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;  
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track  
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again  
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
Expel him, circling thro' his every shift. 440  
He sweeps the forest oft ; and fobbing fees  
The glades, mild opening to the golden day ;  
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends  
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries 445  
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides :  
Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarm'd,  
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.  
What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,  
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450  
Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,  
Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;  
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
The big round tears run down his dappled face ;  
He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack, 455  
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,

And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,  
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,  
Must have the chase; behold, despising flight, 460  
The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,  
Advancing full on the portended spear,  
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.  
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,  
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe 465  
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:  
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar  
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart  
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then 470  
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour  
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:  
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,  
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.  
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge 475  
High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass  
Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness  
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood

Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;  
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480  
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,  
From rock to rock, in circling echos tost ;  
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;  
Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,  
In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485  
Pour all your speed into the rapid game.  
For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chase ;  
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile  
Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;  
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490  
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths  
Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond  
His daring peers ! when the retreating horn  
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,  
With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's fur, 495  
Depending decent from the roof ; and spread  
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,  
The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,  
When the night staggers with feverer toils,  
With feats Theſſalian Centaurs never knew, 500  
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.



But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;  
The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans  
Beneath the smoking firloin, stretch'd immense  
From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife, 505  
They deep incision make, and talk the while  
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd  
While hence they borrow vigour : or amain  
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,  
If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510  
Relating all the glories of the chase.  
Then fated Hunger bids his brother Thirst  
Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,  
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round  
A potent gale, delicious, as the breath 515  
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdes,  
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears  
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.  
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,  
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520  
Of thirty years ; and now his honest front  
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid  
Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.  
To cheat the thirsty moments, whist a while  
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525

Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick dice,  
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake  
 The sounding gammon : while romp-loving mis  
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idleneffes laid 530  
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan  
 Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in  
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,  
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch  
 Indulg'd apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls 535  
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,  
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.  
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,  
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,  
 Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,  
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost, 541  
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.  
 Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,  
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart ;  
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ; 545  
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of joy,  
 The laugh, the flap, the jocund curse go round ;  
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds

Mix in the music of the day again.  
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550  
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls  
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,  
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,  
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,  
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance, 555  
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.  
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,  
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,  
As if the table even itself was drunk,  
Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide, below, 560  
Is heap'd the social slaughter : where astride  
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,  
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,  
And sleeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.  
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565  
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,  
Outlives them all ; and from his bury'd flock  
Retiring, full of rumination sad,  
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570  
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy

E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair,  
Far be the spirit of the chase from them !  
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;  
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ; 575  
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,  
In which they roughen to the sense, and all  
The winning softness of their sex is lost.  
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;  
With every motion, every word, to wave 580  
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;  
And from the smallest violence to shrink  
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;  
And by this silent adulation, soft,  
To their protection more engaging Man, 585  
O may their eyes no miserable sight,  
Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,  
Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,  
In chase ambiguous, May their tender limbs  
Float in the loose simplicity of dress ! 590  
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone  
Know they to seize the captivated soul,  
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;  
To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,  
Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595

To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;  
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;  
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;  
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,  
And heighten Nature's dainties ; in their race 600  
To rear their graces into second life ;  
To give Society its highest taste ;  
Well-ordered Home Man's best delight to make ;  
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
With every gentle care-eluding art, 605  
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,  
And sweeten all the toils of human life :  
This be the female dignity, and praise.

Ye swains now hasten to the hazel-bank ;  
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook  
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array, 611  
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,  
Ye virgins come. For you their latest song  
The woodlands raise ; the clustering nuts for you  
The lover finds amid the secret shade ; 615  
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
With active vigour crushes down the tree ;  
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,

A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,  
As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair : 620  
MELINDA ! form'd with every grace complete,  
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,  
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-refounding fields,  
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze 625  
Of Autumn, unconfin'd ; and taste, reviv'd,  
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.  
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,  
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower  
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630  
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.  
A various sweetness swells the gentle race ;  
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd ;  
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,  
In ever-changing composition mixt. 635  
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,  
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps  
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,  
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.  
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640  
Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points



The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:  
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,  
PHILLIPS, Pomona's bard, the second thou  
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 645  
With British freedom sing the British song:  
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines  
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer  
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;  
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours. 650

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams  
The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day;  
Oh lose me in the green delightful walks  
Of, DODINGTON, thy seat, serene and plain;  
Where simple Nature reigns; and every view, 655  
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,  
In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,  
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!  
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,  
Far-splendid, seizes on the raviſh'd eye. 660  
New beauties rise with each revolving day;  
New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds  
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.  
Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:

Where in the secret bower, and winding walk, 665  
For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay.  
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst  
Of thy applause, I solitary court  
Th' inspiring breeze: and meditate the book  
Of Nature ever open; aiming thence, 670  
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.  
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,  
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,  
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:  
Presents the downy peach; the shining plum; 675  
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,  
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.  
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;  
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;  
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight  
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;  
Where, by the potent sun elated high,  
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;  
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs, 685  
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,  
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heightened blaze.

Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,  
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,  
Or shine transparent ; while perfection breathes 690  
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.  
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,  
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray ;  
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,  
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime, 695  
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.  
Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats,  
And foams unbounded with the massy flood ;  
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,  
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy : 700  
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press  
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;  
The mellow-tasted burgundy ; and quick,  
As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd, 705  
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd  
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,  
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.  
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,  
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710

And high between contending kingdoms rears  
The rocky long division, fills the view  
With great variety ; but in a night  
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense  
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 715  
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain :  
Vanish the woods ; the dim-seen river seems  
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.  
Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun  
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray ; 720  
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,  
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,  
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life  
Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste  
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 725  
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still  
Successive closing, fits the general fog  
Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,  
A formless grey confusion covers all.  
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard) 730  
Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd  
Its infant way ; nor Order yet had drawn  
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin  
To smoke along the hilly country, these 735  
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,  
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores  
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;  
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,  
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740  
Some sages say, that where the numerous wave  
For ever lashes the resounding shore,  
Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way,  
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;  
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745  
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,  
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.  
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,  
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;  
But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750  
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,  
Far from the parent-main, it boils again  
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill  
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain  
Amusive dream! why should the waters love 755  
To take so far a journey to the hills,  
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil

Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?  
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,  
They must aspire; why should they sudden stop 760  
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,  
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert  
Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?  
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,  
The spoil of ages, would impervious choak 765  
Their secret channels, or, by slow degrees,  
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:  
Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,  
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,  
And brought Deucalion's wat'ry times again. 770

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,  
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd  
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores  
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?  
O thou pervading Genius, given to Mân, 775  
To trace the secrets of the dark abyfs,  
O lay the mountains bare! and wide display  
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!  
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;  
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780



From Afian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd  
 Athwart the roving Tartar's fullen bounds!  
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,  
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream!  
 O from the founding fummits of the north, 785  
 The Dofrine Hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd  
 To fartheft Lapland and the frozen main;  
 From lofty Caucasus, far feen by thofe  
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;  
 From cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Rufs 790  
 Believes the \* STONY GIRDLE of the world;  
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in ftorm,  
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;  
 O fweep th' eternal fnows! hung o'er the deep,  
 That ever works beneath his founding bafe, 795  
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,  
 His fubterranean wonders fpread! unveil  
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,  
 Of Abyffinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,  
 And of the bending † Mountains of the Moon! 800

\* The Mofcovites call the Riphean mountains 'Weliki Camenypoy's,' that is, 'the great ftony girdle:' becaufe they fuppose them to encompass the whole earth.

† A range of mountains in Africa, that furround almoft all Monomotapa.

O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,  
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line  
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round  
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!  
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose, 805  
I see the rivers in their infant beds!  
Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!  
I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;  
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,  
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810  
Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands  
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then  
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,  
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;  
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815  
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.  
Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,  
I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,  
The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk,  
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd. 820  
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,  
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,  
Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;  
And welling out, around the middle steep,

Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825  
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,  
Th' exhaling fun, the vapour-burden'd air,  
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd  
These vapours in continual current draw,  
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, 830  
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,  
A social commerce hold, and firm support  
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,  
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play 835  
The swallow-people ; and tofs'd wide around,  
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,  
The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,  
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire ;  
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldring bank, 840  
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.  
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,  
With other kindred birds of season, there  
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months  
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now 845  
Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force  
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,  
By diligence amazing, and the strong  
Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 850  
The stork-assembly meets ; for many a day,  
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take  
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.  
And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,  
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings ; 855  
And many a circle, many a short essay,  
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full  
The figured flight ascends ; and, riding high  
The ærial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls, 860  
Boils round the naked melancholy isles  
Of farthest Thulé, and the Atlantic surge  
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;  
Who can recount what transmigrations there  
Are annual made ? what nations come and go ? 865  
And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?  
Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air,  
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,  
And herd diminutive of many hues, 870  
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,  
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks  
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;  
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up  
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875  
Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,  
High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,  
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:  
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,  
Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880  
Breathing the foul acute; her forests huge,  
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand  
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,  
Pour'd out extensive, and of wat'ry wealth  
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales; 885  
With many a cool translucent brimming flood  
Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,  
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,  
With, silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)  
To where the north-inflated tempest foams 890  
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:  
Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school

Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited  
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage  
She took her western flight. A manly race, 895  
Of unsubmitting spirit, wife and brave ;  
Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,  
(As well unhappy WALLACE can attest,  
Great patriot-hero ! ill-requited chief !)  
To hold a generous undiminished state ; 900  
Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds  
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne  
O'er every land, for every land their life  
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,  
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil. 905  
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,  
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power  
That best, that godlike Luxury is placed,  
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910  
Thro' late posterity ? some, large of soul,  
To cheer dejected industry ? to give  
A double harvest to the pining swain ?  
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ?  
How, by the finest art, the native robe 915



To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,  
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar  
 How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,  
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets  
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms, 920  
 That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;  
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing  
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,  
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe;  
 And thus, in foul united as in name, 925  
 Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLL,  
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,  
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,  
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye; 930  
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees  
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,  
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,  
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,  
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935  
 Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.  
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:  
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue

Perfuaſion flows, and wins the high debate ;  
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth, 940  
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.  
Thee, FORBES, too, whom every worth attends,  
As truth ſincere, as weeping friendſhip kind,  
Thee, truly generous, and in ſilence great,  
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts, 945  
Plann'd by thy wiſdom, by thy ſoul inform'd ;  
And ſeldom has ſhe known a friend like thee.

But ſee the fading many-colour'd woods,  
Shade deepening over ſhade, the country round  
Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, duſk, and dun, 950  
Of every hue, from wan declining green  
To footy dark. Theſe now the loneſome Muſe,  
Low-whiſpering, lead into their leaf-ftrown walks,  
And give the ſeaſon in its lateſt view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a ſober calm 955  
Fleeces unbounded ether ; whoſe leaſt wave  
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn  
The gentle current : while, illumin'd wide,  
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the fun,  
And thro' their lucid veil his ſoftened force 960

Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,  
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
And soar above this little scene of things ;  
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet ; 965  
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;  
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,  
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,  
And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard 970  
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.  
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,  
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.  
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,  
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late 975  
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,  
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering fit  
On the dead tree, a full despondent flock ;  
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980  
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,  
The gun the music of the coming year  
Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,

Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,  
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground! 985

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,  
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf  
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;  
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,  
And slowly circles thro' the waving air. 990  
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;  
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,  
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,  
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak. 995  
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;  
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race  
Their funny robes resign. Even what remain'd  
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;  
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000  
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power  
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!  
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,  
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 1005

The softened feature, and the beating heart,  
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.  
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !  
Inflames imagination ; thro' the breast  
Infuses every tenderness ; and far 1010  
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.  
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such  
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,  
Crowd fast into the Mind's creative eye.  
As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015  
As varied, and as high. Devotion rais'd  
To rapture, and divine astonishment ;  
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,  
Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,  
To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth 1020  
Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn  
Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve ;  
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,  
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time ;  
Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame ; 1025  
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;  
With all the social Offspring of the heart.

Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,

To twilight groves, and visionary vales;  
 To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms; 1030  
 Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,  
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;  
 And voices more than human, thro' the void  
 Deep-founding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,  
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1036  
 Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful land  
 In countless numbers blest Britannia sees;  
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,  
 The fair majestic paradise of STOWE \*! 1040  
 Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore  
 E'er saw such silvan scenes; such various art  
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd  
 By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,  
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone. 1045  
 And there, O PITT, thy country's early boast,  
 There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,  
 Or in that † Temple where, in future times,  
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;

\* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

† The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.



And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles 1050  
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.

While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,  
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then  
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic Land;  
Will from thy standard taste refine her own, 1055  
Correct her pencil to the purest truth  
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades  
Forfaking, raise it to the human mind.

Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,  
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou, 1060  
To mark the varied movements of the heart,  
What every decent character requires,  
And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain  
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds  
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts, 1065  
Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,  
And shakes corruption on her venal throne.

While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian Vales  
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:  
What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files 1070  
Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,  
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,  
And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe,

The faithless vain disturber of mankind,  
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war ; 1075  
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press  
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,  
The British Youth would hail thy wise command,  
Thy temper'd ardour and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day ; 1080  
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,  
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd  
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,  
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,  
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085  
The dusky mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon  
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,  
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.  
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,  
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend, 1090  
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,  
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,  
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.  
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,  
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. 1095  
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild

O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,  
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,  
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide  
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100

But when half blotted from the sky her light,  
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn  
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven ;  
Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,  
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ; 1105  
Oft in this season, silent from the north  
A blaze of meteors shoots : ensweeping first  
The lower skies, they all at once converge  
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once  
Relapsing quick as quickly reascend, 1110  
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,  
All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,  
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes  
Th' appearance throws : armies in meet array, 1115  
Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire ;  
Till the long lines of full-extended war  
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood

Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.  
As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120  
On all sides swells the superstitious din,  
Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks  
Of blood and battle ; cities overturn'd ;  
And late at night in swallowing earthquake funk,  
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame ; 1125  
Of fallow famine, inundation, storm ;  
Of pestilence, and every great distress ;  
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck  
The unalterable hour : even Nature's self  
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130  
Not so the Man of philosophic eye,  
And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he  
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know  
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,  
Of this appearance beautiful and new. 1135

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,  
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,  
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.  
Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;  
Distinction lost ; and gay variety 1140  
One universal blot : such the fair power

Of light, to kindle and create the whole.  
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,  
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,  
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge ; 1145  
Nor visited by one directive ray,  
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.  
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,  
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,  
The wild-fire scatters round, or gathered trails 1150  
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss :  
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,  
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,  
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph :  
While still, from day to day, his pining wife 1155  
And plaintive children his return await,  
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,  
Sent by the better Genius of the night,  
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,  
The meteor fits ; and shews the narrow path, 1160  
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else  
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines  
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,

Unfolding fair the last autumnal day. 1165

And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;  
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ;  
And hung on every spray, on every blade  
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit 1170

Lies the still heaving hive ! at evening snatch'd,  
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,  
And fix'd o'er sulphur : while, not dreaming ill,  
The happy people, in their waxen cells,  
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes 1175  
Of temperance, for Winter poor ; rejoiced  
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.  
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends ;  
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,  
By thousands, tumble from their honeyed domes, 1180  
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.

And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,  
Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toil'd  
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away ?  
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste, 1185  
Nor lost one funny gleam ? for this sad fate ?  
O Man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long,



Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,  
Awaiting renovation? When obliged,  
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food 1190  
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,  
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;  
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own  
Again regale them on some smiling day?  
See where the stony bottom of their town 1195  
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there  
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state  
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.  
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,  
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200  
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,  
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd  
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd  
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,  
Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame. 1205

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,  
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,  
Infinite splendor! wide investing all.  
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads  
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210

How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd  
 With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch  
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd  
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below  
 The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all 1215  
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,  
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;  
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.  
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round  
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1220  
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth  
 By the quick sense of music taught alone,  
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.  
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,  
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225  
 Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye  
 Points an approving smile, with double force,  
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.  
 Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts  
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think  
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil 1231  
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of Men

The happiest he! who far from public rage,  
Deep in the vale, with a choice Few retir'd, 1235  
Drinks the pure pleasures of the Rural Life.  
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,  
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd  
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?  
Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe, 1240  
Of every hue reflected light can give,  
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
The pride and gaze of fools! oppresses him not?  
What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,  
For him each rarer tributary life 1245  
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl  
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,  
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,  
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state? 1250  
What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,  
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;  
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;  
Their hollow moments undelighted all?  
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged 1255  
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:  
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich.

In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,  
 When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough  
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;  
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies 1261  
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:  
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,  
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;  
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,  
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1266  
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;  
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,  
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear. 1270  
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;  
 Unfullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,  
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;  
 Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;  
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease. 1275

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,  
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.  
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,  
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;  
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280

The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.  
Let some, far-distant from their native soil,  
Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,  
Find other lands beneath another fun.  
Let this through cities work his eager way, 1285  
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,  
The social sense extinct; and that ferment  
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,  
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these  
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290  
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,  
An iron race! and those of fairer front,  
But equal inhumanity, in courts,  
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;  
Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295  
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.  
While he, from all the stormy passions free  
That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,  
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,  
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,  
The rage of nations, and the crush of states, 1301  
Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,  
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,  
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,

And day to day, thro' the revolving year ; 1305  
Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;  
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;  
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.  
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale 1310  
Into his freshened soul ; her genial hours  
He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,  
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.  
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
Such as o'er frigid Tempe want to wave, 1315  
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these  
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung ;  
Or what she dictates writes : and, oft an eye  
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.  
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320  
And tempts the fickle swain into the field,  
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends  
With gentle throes ; and, thro' the tepid gleams  
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.  
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss. 1325  
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,  
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,



Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,  
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330  
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,  
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,  
 O'er land and sea imagination roams;  
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers; 1335  
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.  
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels;  
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
 Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace  
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck, 1340  
 And emulous to please him, calling forth  
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,  
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;  
 For happiness and true philosophy  
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind. 1345  
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life,  
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,  
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!

Oh Nature! all sufficient! over all! 1350  
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!

Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,  
World beyond world, in infinite extent,  
Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,  
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,  
Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep 1356  
Light my blind way: the mineral strata there;  
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;  
O'er that the rising system, more complex,  
Of animals; and higher still, the mind, 1360  
The varied scene of quick compounded thought,  
And where the mixing passions endless shift;  
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;  
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!  
But if to that unequal; if the blood, 1365  
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid  
That best ambition; under closing shades,  
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,  
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,  
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song;  
And let me never, never stray from Thee! 1371

W I N T E R.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Address to the earl of WILMINGTON. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: A man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A Winter-evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.*







*Metc del.*

*Nagle sculp.*

# WINTER

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## W I N T E R.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,  
 Sullen and fad, with all his rising train;  
 Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme,  
 These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,  
 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms! 5  
 Cogenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,  
 Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,  
 When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,  
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,  
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain; 10  
 Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;  
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;  
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,  
 In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,  
 Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15  
 Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,  
The Muse, O WILMINGTON ! renews her song.  
Since has she rounded the revolving year :  
Skim'd the gay Spring ; on eagle-pinions borne, 20  
Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise ;  
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;  
And now among the wintry clouds again,  
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ;  
To swell her note with all the rushing winds ; 25  
To suit her founding cadence to the floods ;  
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great :  
Thrice happy ! could she fill thy judging ear  
With bold description, and with manly thought.  
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30  
And how to make a mighty people thrive :  
But equal goodness, sound integrity,  
A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul  
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,  
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35  
A steady spirit regularly free ;  
These, each exalting each, the statesman light  
Into the patriot ; these, the public hope  
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse  
Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky  
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,  
And fierce Aquarius, stains th' inverted year;  
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun  
Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day. 45  
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,  
Thro' the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy storm,  
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;  
And, soon-descending, to the long dark night, 50  
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.  
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,  
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.  
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,  
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55  
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,  
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,  
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,  
Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,  
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60  
The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,  
And black with more than melancholy views.  
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land  
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,

Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65  
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;  
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,  
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook  
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan 70  
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,  
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure  
Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul;  
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,  
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain 76  
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds  
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still  
Combine, and deepening into night shut up  
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80  
Each to his home, retire; save those that love  
To take their pastime in the troubled air,  
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.  
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,  
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls, 85  
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.  
Thither the household feathery people crowd,  
The crested cock, with all his female train,

Penfive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind  
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90  
Recounts his fimple frolic: much he talks,  
And much he laughs, nor recks the ftorm that blows  
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent fwel'd,  
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erfpread, 95  
At laft the rous'd-up river pours along:  
Refiftlefs, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,  
From the rude mountain, and the moffy wild,  
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and founding far;  
Then o'er the fanded valley floating fpreads, 100  
Calm, fluggifh, filent; till again, constrain'd  
Between two meeting hills, it burfts away,  
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid ftream;  
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 104  
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature! great parent! whole unceafing hand  
Rolls round the Seafons of the changeful year,  
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!  
With what a pleafing dread they fwell the foul!  
That fees aftonish'd! and aftonish'd fings! 110  
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,

With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,  
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,  
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115  
In what far distant region of the sky,  
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,  
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb  
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks 120  
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds  
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet  
Which master to obey; while rising slow,  
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon  
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125  
Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,  
The stars obtuse emit a shivered ray;  
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,  
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.  
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf; 130  
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.  
With broadened nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,  
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.  
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,



With penfive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135  
The wafled taper and the crackling flame  
Foretell the blaft. But chief the plummy race,  
The tenants of the fky, its changes fpeak.  
Retiring from the downs, where all day long  
They pick'd their fcanty fare, a blackening train 140  
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,  
And feek the clofing fhelter of the grove;  
Affiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl  
Plies his fad fong. The cormorant on high  
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land. 145  
Loud fhrieks the foaring hern; and with wild wing  
The circling fea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.  
Ocean, unequal prefs'd, with broken tide  
And blind commotion heaves; while from the fhore,  
Eat into caverns by the reftlefs wave, 150  
And foreft-ruftling mountains, comes a voice,  
That folemn founding bids the world prepare.  
Then iffues forth the ftorm with fudden burft,  
And hurls the whole precipitated air,  
Down, in a torrent. On the paffive main 155  
Descends th' ethereal force, and with ftrong guft  
Turns from its bottom the difcolour'd deep.  
Thro' the black night that fits immense around,

Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine  
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn: 160  
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds  
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,  
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,  
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,  
Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165  
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave  
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot  
Into the secret chambers of the deep,  
The wintry Baltick thundering o'er their head.  
Emerging thence again, before the breath 170  
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,  
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,  
Or shoal insidious break not their career,  
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns. 175  
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons  
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.  
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,  
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,  
And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180  
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds

What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;  
Dash'd down, and scattered, by the tearing wind's  
Affiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.

Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove, 185  
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;  
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,  
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.  
Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,  
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190  
Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,  
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,  
That, uttered by the Demon of the night,  
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd  
With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky. 196  
All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft  
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
And on the wings of the careering wind  
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200  
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,  
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.

Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
Let me associate with the serious Night, 205  
And Contemplation her sedate compeer;  
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,  
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!  
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train! 210  
Where are you now? and what is your amount?  
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.  
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,  
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,  
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215  
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light and life, thou Good Supreme!  
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests rise: and fuming dun-  
From all the livid east, or piercing north,

Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb 225  
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;  
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.  
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes 230  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,  
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields  
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235  
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240  
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245  
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wifely regardful of th' embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves

His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man  
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250  
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights  
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:  
 'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255  
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset  
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
 And more un pitying Men, the garden seeks, 260  
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispers'd,  
 Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,  
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens 266  
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,  
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270  
 At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,



Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,  
The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,  
All Winter drives along the darkened air;  
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain  
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,  
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes, 280  
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:  
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;  
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285  
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home  
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!  
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!  
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290  
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
Far from the track, and blest abode of Man;  
While round him night resistless closes fast,

And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind  
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,  
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge, 300  
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,  
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks 305  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots  
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,  
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310  
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares  
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas ! 315  
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;

And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse, 320  
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence furround ;  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ; 325  
Ah little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel, this very moment, death,  
And all the sad variety of pain.  
How many sink in the devouring flood,  
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 330  
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.  
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;  
Shut from the common air, and common use  
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup  
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335  
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,  
How many shrink into the fordid hut  
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake  
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ; 340  
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,

They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.  
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,  
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop      345  
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand  
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man  
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills  
 That one incessant struggle render life      350  
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,  
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;  
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,  
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;      355  
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;  
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous \* band,  
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd 360  
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?  
 Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans ;  
 Where sickness pines ; where thirst and hunger burn,  
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.

\* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

While in the land of liberty, the land 365  
Whose every street and public meeting glow  
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;  
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;  
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;  
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep; 370  
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,  
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,  
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;  
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,  
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled. 375  
O great design! if executed well,  
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.  
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;  
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,  
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod, 380  
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.  
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,  
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.  
The toils of law (what dark insidious Men  
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385  
And lengthen simple justice into trade),  
How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,  
And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract  
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 390  
And wavy Apennine, and Pyrenees,  
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;  
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!  
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!  
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend; 395  
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,  
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.  
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,  
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.  
Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400  
Or shake the murdering savages away.  
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,  
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.  
The godlike face of Man avails him nought.  
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance 405  
The generous lion stands in softened gaze,  
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.  
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,  
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,  
On church yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410  
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig



The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,  
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd  
In peaceful vales the happy Grifons dwell; 415  
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,  
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.  
From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,  
A wintry waste in dire commotion all;  
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420  
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,  
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,  
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,  
In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425  
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,  
Between the groaning forest and the shore  
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,  
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;  
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join 430  
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,  
And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead;  
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,

As gods beneficent, who blest mankind  
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435  
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside  
 The long liv'd volume ; and, deep-musing, hail  
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass  
 Before my wondering eyes. First SOCRATES,  
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440  
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,  
 Invincible ! calm Reason's holy law,  
 That Voice of GOD within th' attentive mind,  
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death :  
 Great moral teacher ! Wisest of Mankind ! 445  
 SOLON the next, who built his common-weal  
 On equity's wide base ; by tender laws  
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd  
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,  
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450  
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,  
 The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.  
 LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force  
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,  
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455  
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,  
 The firm \* devoted Chief, who prov'd by deeds

\* Leonidas.

The hardest lesson which the other taught.  
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest front ;  
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460  
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;  
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd ;  
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal  
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty \* Rival's fame.  
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465  
 CIMON sweet-soul'd ; whose genius, rising strong,  
 Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad  
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend  
 Of every worth and every splendid art ;  
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470  
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,  
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,  
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,  
 TIMOLEON, happy temper ! mild, and firm,  
 Who wept the Brother while the Tyrant bled. 475  
 And, equal to the best, the † Theban Pair,  
 Whose virtues, in heroic Concord join'd,  
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.  
 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,  
 And left a mass of fordid lees behind, 480

\* Themistocles.

† Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

PHOCION the Good; in public life severe,  
 To virtue still inexorably firm;  
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,  
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,  
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485  
 And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,  
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,  
 To save a rotten State, AGIS, who saw  
 Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.  
 The two Achaian heroes close the train. 490  
 ARATUS, who a while relum'd the soul  
 Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece  
 And he her darling as her latest hope,  
 The gallant PHILOPOEMEN; who to arms  
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 495  
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;  
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!  
 A race of heroes! in those virtuous times  
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500  
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd:  
 Her better founder first, the light of Rome,  
 NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious sons:

SERVIVS the King, who laid the solid base  
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread. 505  
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.  
 The \* Public Father who the Private quell'd,  
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.  
 He, whom his thankless country could not lose,  
 CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes. 510  
 FABRICIVS, scorner of all-conquering gold;  
 And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough.  
 Thy † willing Victim, Carthage, bursting loose  
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,  
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith 515  
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.  
 SCIPIO, the gentle chief, humanely brave,  
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,  
 And, warm in youth, to the Poetic shade  
 With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd. 520  
 TULLY, whose powerful eloquence a while  
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.  
 Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in extreme.  
 And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,  
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd, 525

\* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

Lifted the Roman steel against thy Friend.  
 Thoufands besides the tribute of a verfe  
 Demand; but who can count the ftars of heaven;  
 Who fing their influence on this lower world?

Behold, who yonder comes! in fober ftate, 530  
 Fair, mild, and ftrong, as is a vernal fun:  
 'Tis Phœbus' felf, or elfe the Mantuan Swain!  
 Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,  
 Parent of fong! and equal by his fide,  
 The Britifh Mufe; join'd hand in hand they walk, 535  
 Darkling, full up the middle fteep to fame.  
 Nor abfent are thofe fhades, whose fkilful touch  
 Pathetic drew th' impaffion'd heart, and charm'd  
 Transported Athens with the moral fcene:  
 Nor thofe who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.

Firft of your kind! fociety divine! 541  
 Still vifit thus my nights, for you referv'd,  
 And mount my foaring foul to thoughts like yours.  
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;  
 See on the hallowed hour that none intrude, 545  
 Save a few chofen friends, who fometimes deign  
 To blefs my humble roof, with fenfe refin'd,



Learning digested well, exalted faith,  
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.  
 Or from the Muses' hill will POPE descend, 550  
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,  
 And with the social spirit warm the heart:  
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,  
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, HAMMOND? thou the darling pride,  
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng! 556  
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime  
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast  
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,  
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560  
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,  
 Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store  
 Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal  
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band  
 Of youthful Patriots, who sustain her name? 565  
 What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm  
 Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,  
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,  
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?  
 Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570

And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass  
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,  
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd :  
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame  
Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night, 576  
Or sprung eternal from th' eternal Mind ;  
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.  
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole  
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds; 580  
And each diffusive harmony unite  
In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.  
Then would we try to scan the moral World,  
Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on  
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd, 585  
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all  
In general Good. The sage historic Muse  
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time :  
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,  
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile, 590  
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;  
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,  
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,

Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale  
That portion of divinity, that ray 595  
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul  
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,  
In powerless humble fortune, to repress  
These ardent risings of the kindling soul;  
Then, even superior to ambition, we 600  
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide  
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream  
Of rural life: or, snatch'd away by hope,  
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,  
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605  
Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,  
In endless growth and infinite ascent,  
Rises from state to state, and world to world.  
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,  
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610  
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form  
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train  
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,  
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise;  
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself, 615  
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire;  
While well attested, and as well believ'd,  
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;  
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620  
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake  
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;  
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,  
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;  
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625  
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:  
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, hook to notes  
Of native music, the respondent dance.  
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630  
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,  
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow  
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy  
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul  
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph 635  
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,  
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.  
Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,  
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.

The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640  
 The circle deepens; beam'd from gaudy robes,  
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,  
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:  
 While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,  
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings. 645

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET stalks;  
 OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;  
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.  
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear  
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse 650  
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,  
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.  
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes  
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,  
 Or charm the heart, in generous \*BEVIL shew'd. 655

O Thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,  
 Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill  
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,  
 Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,

\* A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written by Sir Richard Steele.

And all Apollo's animating fire, 660  
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine  
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,  
Of polish'd life; permit the Rural Muse,  
O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her song!  
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665  
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,  
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)  
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:  
To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,  
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power; 670  
That elegant politeness, which excels,  
Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,  
The boasted manners of her shining court;  
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,  
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point, 675  
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,  
Steals thro' the foul, and without pain corrects.  
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,  
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,  
When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd 680  
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.  
Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,  
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:



Thou to assenting reason giv'st again  
Her own enlightened thoughts; call'd from the heart,  
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend; 686  
And even reluctant party feels a while  
Thy gracious power: as thro' the varied maze  
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,  
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse:  
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,  
Frosty, succeed; and thro' the blue serene,  
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;  
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695  
Storing afresh with elemental life.  
Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds  
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,  
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;  
Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves, 700  
In swifter fallies darting to the brain;  
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,  
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.  
All Nature feels the renovating force  
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705  
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe

Draws in abundant vegetable foul,  
And gathers vigour for the coming year.  
A stronger glow fits on the lively cheek  
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along 710  
The purer rivers flow; their fullen deeps,  
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,  
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores  
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power, 715  
Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?  
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,  
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd  
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense  
Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve, 720  
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,  
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,  
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool  
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career  
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice, 725  
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,  
Ruffles no more; but to the sedgy bank  
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,  
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven

Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730  
The whole imprison'd river growls below.  
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,  
The village dog deters the nightly thief;  
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall 735  
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread  
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain  
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,  
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,  
Shines out intensely keen, and, all one cope 740  
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.  
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,  
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;  
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world, 745  
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears  
The various labour of the silent night:  
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,  
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair, 750  
Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;  
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,  
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;

The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;  
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 755  
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread  
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,  
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760  
While every work of Man is laid at rest,  
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport  
And revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,  
Happiest of all the train ! the raptur'd boy  
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765  
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,  
From every province swarming, void of care,  
Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,  
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,  
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770  
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.  
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,  
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,  
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel  
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise 775  
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,

Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,  
Or Ruffia's buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;  
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780  
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon:  
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:  
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,  
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale  
Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785  
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,  
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam  
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around  
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,  
And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790  
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;  
And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
Distress the footed or the feathered game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,  
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795  
Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone;  
Where, for relentless months, continual night  
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,  
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800  
Wide-rooms the Russian exile. Nought around  
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;  
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,  
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,  
Their icy horrors to the frozen main; 805  
And cheerless towns far-distant, never blest'd,  
Save when its annual course the caravan  
Bends to the golden coast of rich \* Cathay,  
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;  
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810  
The furry nations harbour: tip with jet,  
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;  
Sables, of glossy black; and dark embrown'd,  
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,  
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815  
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer  
Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and, scarce his head  
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk  
Lies flumbering fullen in the white abyss.  
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820  
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives

\* The old name for China.



The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,  
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push  
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,  
 He lays them quivering on th' enfanguin'd snows, 825  
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.  
 There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,  
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,  
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;  
 Slow-pac'd, and sower as the storms increase, 830  
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,  
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,  
 Hardens his heart against affailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,  
 That see Boötes urge his tardy wain, 835  
 A boisterous race, by frosty \* Caurus pierc'd,  
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,  
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame  
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery funk,  
 Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful sweep  
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south, 841  
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.

\* The north-west wind.

† The wandering Scythian-clans.

Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they  
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;  
They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845  
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.  
No false desires, no pride-created wants,  
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;  
And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze  
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850  
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,  
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth  
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.  
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe  
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855  
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse  
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep  
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.  
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake  
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860  
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play  
With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,  
Even in the depth of Polar Night, they find  
A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,  
Or guide their daring steps to Finland-fairs. 865  
Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,

While dim Aurora slowly moves before,  
 The welcome sun, juſt verging up at firſt,  
 By ſmall degrees extends the ſwelling curve !  
 Till ſeen at laſt for gay rejoicing months, 870  
 Still round and round, his ſpiral courſe he winds,  
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,  
 Wheels up again, and reascends the ſky.  
 In that glad ſeaſon, from the lakes and floods,  
 Where pure \* Niemi's fairy mountains riſe, 875  
 And fring'd with roſes † Tenglio rolls his ſtream,  
 They draw the copious fry. With theſe, at eve,  
 They cheerful-loaded to their tents repair ;  
 Where, all day long in uſeful cares employ'd,  
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880  
 Thrice happy race ! by poverty ſecur'd

\* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having deſcribed the beautiful Lake and Mountain of Niemi in Lapland, ſays---  
 “ From this height we had opportunity ſeveral times to ſee thoſe vapours  
 “ riſe from the Lake which the people of the country call Haltios, and which  
 “ they deem to be the guardian Spirits of the Mountains. We had been  
 “ frighted with ſtories of Bears that haunted this place, but ſaw none.  
 “ It ſeemed rather a place of refort for Fairies and Genii, than Bears.”

† The ſame Author obſerves-----“ I was ſurprized to ſee upon the  
 “ banks of this river (the Tenglio) Roſes of as lively a red as any that are in  
 “ our gardens.”

From legal plunder and rapacious power :  
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown  
 The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew  
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885  
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornéa's lake,  
 And Hecla flaming thro' a waste of snow,  
 And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,  
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890  
 The Muse expands her solitary flight ;  
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,  
 Beholds new seas beneath \* another sky.  
 Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,  
 Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court ; 895  
 And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule  
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard :  
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;  
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;  
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900  
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

\* The other hemisphere.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,  
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;  
Where undissolving, from the first of time,  
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky; 905  
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,  
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,  
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.  
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the fudge,  
Alps frown on Alps; or, rushing hideous down, 910  
As if old Chaos was again return'd,  
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.  
Ocean itself no longer can resist  
The binding fury; but, in all its rage  
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915  
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,  
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,  
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void  
Of every life, that from the dreary months  
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they! 920  
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,  
Take their last look of the descending sun;  
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,  
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,

Falls horrible. Such was the \* Briton's fate, 925  
 As with first prow (what have not Britons dar'd!)  
 He for the passage fought, attempted since  
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut  
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.  
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930  
 And to the stony deep his idle ship  
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,  
 Each full exerted at his several task,  
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued  
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream  
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of Men;  
 And half enlivened by the distant sun,  
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,  
 Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 940  
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,  
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,  
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,  
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,  
 Nor tendernefs they know; nor aught of life, 945

\* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the North-East Passage.



Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.  
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,  
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,  
 And calls the quivered savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform, 950  
 New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these shores,  
 A people savage from remotest time,  
 A huge neglected empire, one vast Mind,  
 By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.  
 Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! He 955  
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,  
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;  
 And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,  
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.  
 Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960  
 Thro' long successive ages to build up  
 A labouring plan of state, behold at once  
 The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!  
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then  
 A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965  
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;  
 And, roaming every land, in every port  
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand

Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,  
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970  
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.  
Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes !  
Then cities rise amid the illumin'd waste ;  
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign ;  
Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd ; 975  
Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltick roar ;  
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd  
With daring keel before ; and armies stretch  
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here  
The frantic Alexander of the north, 980  
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.  
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,  
Of old dishonour proud : it glows around,  
Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,  
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade : 985  
For what is wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,  
More potent still, his great example shew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,  
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,  
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990  
Spotted the mountains shine ; loose fleet descends,

And floods the country round. The rivers swell,  
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,  
 O'er rôcks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,  
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ; 995  
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain  
 Is left one slimy waste. Those fullen seas,  
 That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more  
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north ;  
 But, rousing all their waves, resiftless heave. 1000  
 And hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs  
 Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,  
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.  
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,  
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors 1005  
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,  
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
 More horrible. Can human force endure  
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?  
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010  
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,  
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,  
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.  
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan  
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015

Tempest the loosened brine, while thro' the gloom,  
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,  
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl  
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.  
 Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye, 1020  
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil  
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,  
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,  
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025  
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!  
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends  
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!  
 See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,  
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,  
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031  
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,  
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled  
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes  
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035  
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?  
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts  
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?

All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole-survives,  
Immortal never-failing friend of Man, 1040  
His guide to happiness on high. And see!  
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth  
Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears  
The new-creating word, and starts to life,  
In every heightened form, from pain and death 1045  
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,  
Involving'all, and in a perfect whole  
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,  
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.  
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050  
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,  
And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,  
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,  
And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's share  
In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055  
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd  
In starving solitude; while luxury,  
In palaces, lay straining her low thought  
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,  
And moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060  
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,  
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,

Imbittered all our blifs. Ye good diftreft !  
Ye noble few ! who here unbending ftand  
Beneath life's preffure, yet bear up a while, 1065  
And what your bounded view, which only faw  
A little part, deem'd Evil is no more :  
The ftorms of Wintry Time will quickly pafs,  
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.







*Melz del.*

*Heath sculpt*

**MUSIDORA**

## H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these,  
 Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year  
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.

Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5  
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.

Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,  
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun  
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year: 10

And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;  
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.

Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,  
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15

In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms  
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,

Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,  
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast. 20

Myfterious round! what skill, what force divine,  
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;  
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade; 25  
And all so forming an harmonious whole;  
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,  
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres; 30  
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence  
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35  
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales, 40



Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :  
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms !

Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45

Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage,  
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound; 50

Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze

Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,

A secret world of wonders in thyself,

Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55

Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,

In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,

Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;

Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60

As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep

Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,

Ye constellations, while your angels strike,

Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65  
Great source of day ! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
On Nature write with every beam His praise.  
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ; 70  
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,  
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,  
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;  
And his unfuffering kingdom yet will come. 75  
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song  
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,  
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm  
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise. 80  
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,  
Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear, 85  
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;  
And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
In one united ardour rise to heaven.



Or if you rather choofe the rural fhade,  
 And find a fane in every facred grove ; 90  
 There let the fhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting feraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 Still fmg the God of Seasons, as they roll.  
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the bloffom blows, the Summer ray 95  
 Ruffets the plain, infpiring Autumn gleams;  
 Or Winter rifes in the blackening eaft;  
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the fartheft verge 100  
 Of the green earth, to diftant barbarous climes,  
 Rivers unknown to fong ; where firft the fun  
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his fetting beam  
 Flames on th' Atlantic ifles ; 'tis nought to me :  
 Since God is ever prefent, ever felt, 105  
 In the void wafte as in the city full;  
 And where He vital breathes there muft be joy.  
 When even at laft the folemn hour fhall come,  
 And wing my myftic flight to future worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers, 110  
 Will rifing wonders fmg : I cannot go

Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons;  
From seeming Evil still educing Good,  
And Better thence again, and Better still, 115  
In infinite progression. But I lose  
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable:  
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

T H E   E N D.



